

# the **Tatler** 2/-

MAY 2, 1956

& BYSTANDER



**SPRING FASHIONS NUMBER**



*If this were your Great Day . . .*



The thrill and excitement of a great occasion . . . and all eyes focus on one perfectly dressed figure. If this were you—however costly your dress and accessories—you couldn't be wearing finer quality stockings than beautiful Bear Brand Nylons. Available everywhere in many delightful styles.

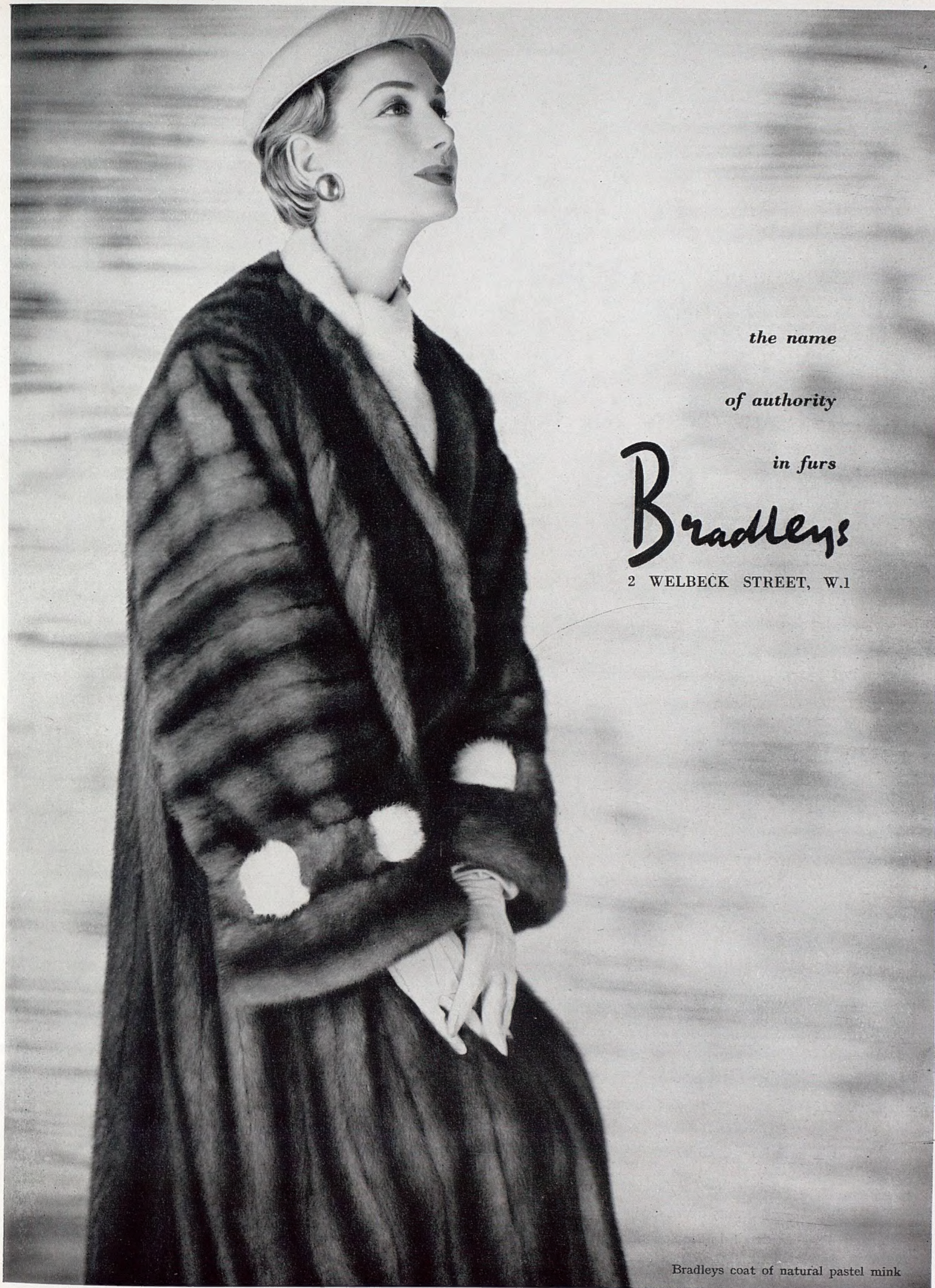
*Prices from 8/11 — 16/11 per pair*

*Bear Brand*



SUPERFINE LUXURY NYLONS





*the name*

*of authority*

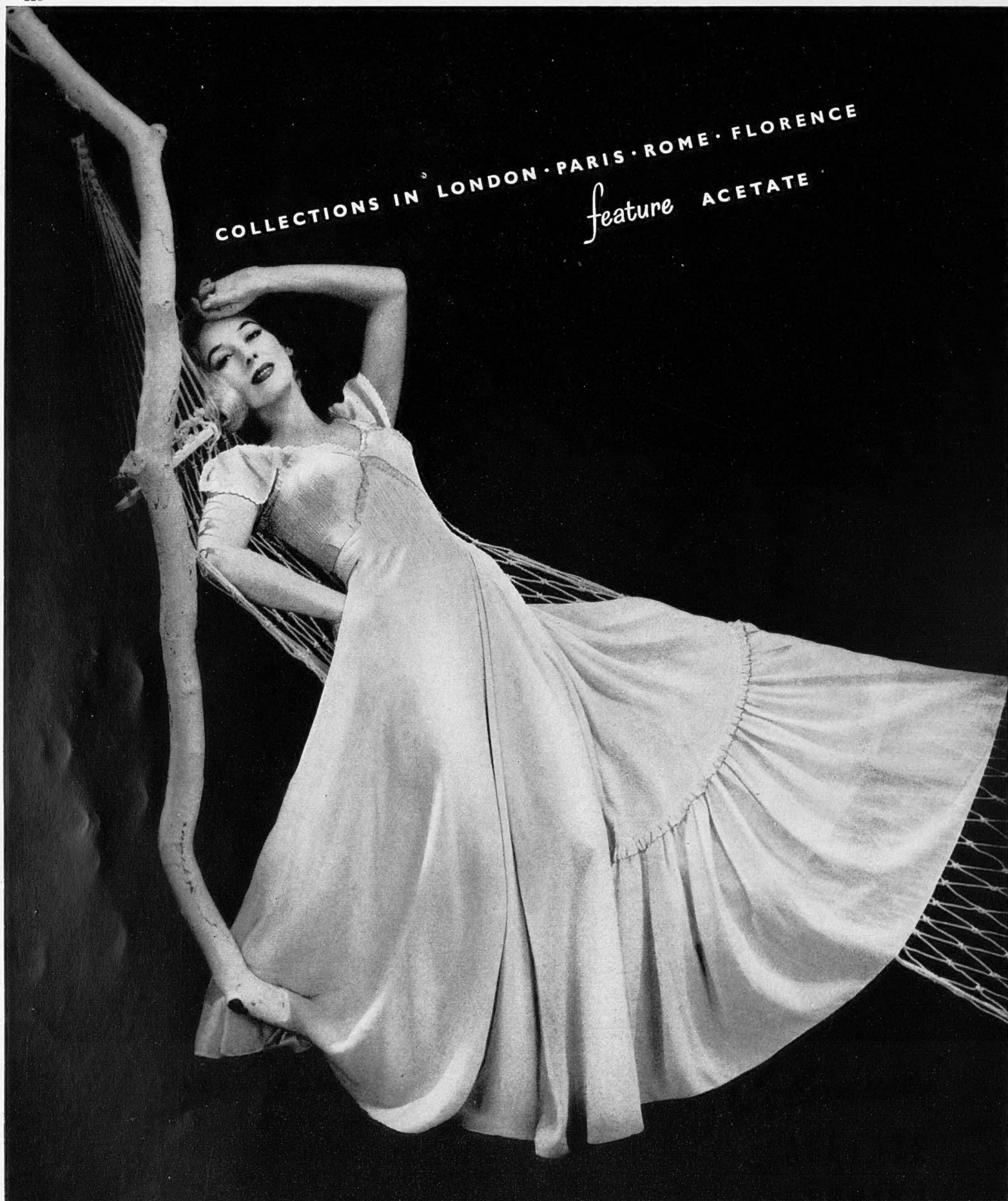
*in furs*

**Bradleys**

2 WELBECK STREET, W.1

Bradleys coat of natural pastel mink





# DREAM GOWN

designed by Carmella Rossi of Florence ;  
 here's beauty expressed in line . . . in  
 detail, in the flow of a lovely fabric—  
 beauty in 'Celanese' ACETATE CREPE DE CHINE.

*'Celanese'* TRADE MARK  
 ACETATE  
 FABRICS





A new you steps into a new world  
in MOONLIGHT—listen to the applause.

# Kestros

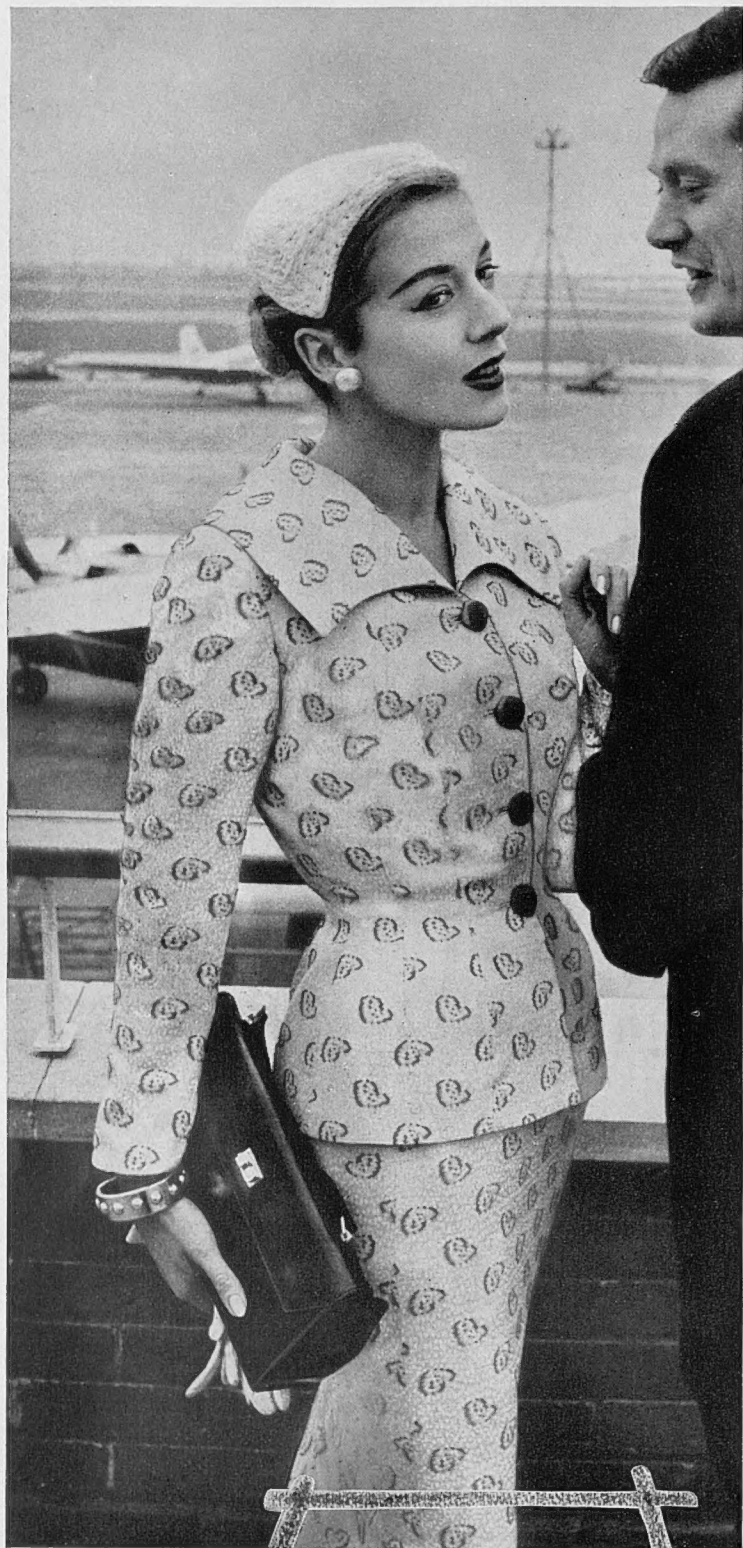


That 'made for you' feeling...

**'AMBER'**

The wide-collared suit is as simple as can be—all the better to show off the delicious fabric—a grey mixture brocade, embossed with amber motifs. And amber buttons. Hips 34—42.

About 19 gns.



For name of your nearest stockist write to:  
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*Simon Massey*  
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**MATERNITY SUIT**

by 'Dorville' in uncrushable 'Dorlinic'. Colours: alpine pink, porcelain blue, milk and navy. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16. 17 gns.

Second Floor.



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TIMING EVERY SAS ROYAL VIKING FLIGHT

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that does justice to you

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A man owns nothing more precious than his time, and nothing more personally important than the watch that guards it. Personally important in meeting this requirement for complete efficiency, personally important too in reflecting his good taste — especially as so often consulted in the company of discerning people. In this personal possession above all a man should do himself justice by demanding the perfection of UNIVERSAL-GENEVE. *Featured by leading jewellers in 84 countries.*

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in HAIR FASHION

**THE IRRADIATION CUT** Using the penetrative rays of irradiation to energise the hair into attractive curves so that a cut may be shaped into an individual coiffure.

**MÈCHES COLORÉES** An amazing new French process by which—in five minutes—the hair can be given permanent colour highlights that will not shampoo out.

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UP-TO-THE-MINUTE  
**Casual Wear**  
FOURTH FLOOR



## FOR THE Modern Young Woman

### Beach Clothes

to outshine the sun

(Left)

Striking Beach Jacket in crisp cotton faille. The hood turns back to be worn as deep shawl collar, and with cuffs and jacket facing, is lined with brilliant eye-catching matador print. Deep Pink, Royal or Peacock. Bust: 34, 36, 38 ins. Price 69/6

Jeans to match, with turn-ups and fitting cummerbund waist. Deep Pink, Royal, Peacock, also Yellow, Black and Tangerine. Waist: 24, 26, 28, 30 ins. Price 45/-

(Right)

Casual Cotton Jacket in gay modern print. Sleeveless, shirt style, with buttoned front and side slits. Ground colours of Red, Blue, Gold. Bust: 34 and 36 ins. Price 32/6

Ever useful Sweater in ribbed cotton. Sleeveless and with classic round neck. White, Lime, Black, Blue, Light Tan, Wine. Women's Size. Price 12/11

New tailored Jeans in heavy rayon, with novel tabbed pockets piped with white. Black or Navy. Waist: 24, 26, 28, 30 ins. Price 32/6

Please state second colour when ordering.

Inland orders under £2, postage and packing 1/- extra.

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PICCADILLY CIRCUS

SWAN & EDGAR LTD., Piccadilly Circus, W.1.

Regent 1616







Think of any occasion—and

Aristoc has the nylon answer . . .

Cast your eyes on any fashion colour—

and Aristoc has a shade to harmonize . . .

Imagine nylons of beauty that wear with  
a will—Aristoc makes them a reality . . .

*fashion  
looks to*



THE ARISTOCRAT OF STOCKINGS

16/11 to as little as 7/11



## Summer Classics

(Left)

The lightweight coat,  
in wool/mohair/camel-  
hair mixture.

In Off-white, Stone,  
Lemon, Ice.

Hips 36"-42".

15 gns.

$\frac{3}{4}$  length

13 gns.

The silk suit  
with an all round  
pleated skirt. Pure  
silk shantung in  
Olive, Turquoise,  
Coffee.

Hips 36"-42".

16 gns.

or in Black/White  
print on Wedgwood,  
Rose. 17 gns.

Our new summer catalogue will be  
available very shortly. Copies  
sent on request.

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PICCADILLY CIRCUS, S.W.1 • EDINBURGH • BOURNEMOUTH



*Lys Blanc*

Delightful and so fascinatingly French is  
this Roussel creation of unusual beauty,  
embodying all that is feminine.

Booklet A. 72 with details of all Roussel models  
is now available on request.

"VAGUE SOUVENIR" and "JASMIN"—Two  
intriguing Guerlain perfumes direct from Paris. At  
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for journeys just beginning . . .

Nylon travels light: it makes itself small in crowded luggage. Nylon undies wash as easily as hands, and dry between bed and breakfast. Trust nylon lace and ribbons to need no ironing. Trust nylon pleats to keep their place. Choose nylon for the pretty things that are very near to you; marvel at their variety of style and color. Rely on everything nylon for unshrinking beauty and years of carefree wear.

for beauty never ending



. . . nothing like

**Nylon**



# the Linzi line

'Felicia' £3 3 0  
Ask for it at your  
favourite fashion store



LINZI DRESSES LIMITED 48 POLAND ST LONDON W1

## Dior's advice on stockings



DIOR says that stockings, however fine they are, give a definite tint to the legs—so they must blend *exactly* with the colour of your dress. Choosing the correct shade is easy if you follow Dior's own advice: in his Colour Guide the beautiful shades he has created—there's a new one for Spring—are shown side by side with the latest fashion colours. CHRISTIAN DIOR Stockings, in styles for every occasion, cost from 17/6 to 10/6.





YOU WILL FIND A RANGE OF  
EXCLUSIVE HUTCHINGS STYLES  
IN EACH OF THESE SHOPS:

ABERDEEN Allan, Graham, Milne and Munro  
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ALDERSHOT ..... White  
ALTRINCHAM ..... Brooks  
ARBROATH ..... Fairweather  
AUCHTERARDER ..... Mallis  
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BANBURY ..... Railton  
BARNESLEY ..... Walker  
BARNSTAPLE ..... Tucker  
BATH ..... Charles  
BEARSDEN ..... MacLaine  
BECKENHAM ..... Ayling  
BELFAST Anderson and McAuley, Brands and  
Norman, Robinson and Cleaver  
BEXHILL-ON-SEA ..... Minors  
BIRMINGHAM ..... Ashmore, Day, Holloways,  
Marshall and Snelgrove, Skinner  
BLACKBURN ..... Stirrup  
BLACKPOOL ..... Humpage, Mellelieu  
BOLTON ..... Humpage  
BOSTON ..... Mason  
BOURNEMOUTH ..... Bobby, Brights, Pitman  
BRADFORD ..... Brown Muff  
BRIDLINGTON ..... Gray  
BRIGHTON ..... Jones, Manfields  
BRISTOL ..... Scammell, Taylor  
BROMLEY ..... Russell and Bromley  
BUDE ..... Saunders  
BURY ST. EDMUNDS ..... Bowhill and Elliott,  
Quant  
CAMBERLEY ..... Page  
CAMBRIDGE ..... Thrussell  
CANTERBURY ..... Orchard  
CARDIFF ..... Morgan, Slade  
CARLISLE ..... Binns, Drinkall  
CHELTENHAM ..... Cavendish House, Slade  
CHESTER ..... Collinson  
CHESTERFIELD ..... Tinley  
CIRENCESTER ..... Legg  
COLCHESTER ..... Thurston  
CORK ..... Kingston  
COVENTRY ..... Ager  
DALRY ..... Hannah  
DARLINGTON ..... Binns  
DERBY ..... Hefford  
DONCASTER ..... Furman  
DOVER ..... Walter  
DUBLIN ..... Arnott, Switzer, Watkins  
DUMFRIES ..... Barbour, Binns  
DUNDEE ..... Draffens  
DUNFERMLINE ..... Henderson  
EASTBOURNE ..... Bobby, Down, Jones  
EDINBURGH ..... Allan, Binns, Forsyth, Jenners  
EXETER ..... Charles, Woodleys  
EXMOUTH ..... Creedy  
FALKIRK ..... Watson  
FOLKESTONE ..... Bobby, Walter  
GLASGOW Allan, Copland and Lye, Forsyth,  
Hutton, McDonalds, Sommers  
GLOUCESTER ..... Bon Marche, Charles  
GRANGE O/SANDS ..... Lewis  
GRIMSBY ..... Crompton  
GUERNSEY ..... Beghins  
GUILDFORD ..... Jones  
HALIFAX ..... Collinson  
HANLEY ..... Goodson, Huntbach  
HARROGATE ..... Fitzmaurice, Marshall and  
Snelgrove, McDonalds  
HASTINGS ..... Hall  
HAVANT ..... Loader  
HAWICK ..... Allan  
HELENSBURGH ..... Ross  
HEREFORD ..... Cope  
HEXHAM ..... Welch  
HOVE ..... Hill, Jones, Manfield  
HUDDERSFIELD ..... Shaw and Hallas  
HULL ..... Cowley, Hammonds, Salter,  
Thornton Varley  
INVERNESS ..... Hugh Mackenzie  
IPSWICH Alderton, Bowhill Elliott and White  
JERSEY ..... Beghins  
KENDAL ..... Handley  
KENILWORTH ..... Railton  
KESWICK ..... Birkett  
KILMACOLM ..... Hutton  
KIRKCALDY ..... Hogg  
LANARK ..... Forrest  
LANCASTER ..... Banks Lyon  
LARGS ..... Patrick  
LEAMINGTON ..... Ager, Southorn

her shoes are

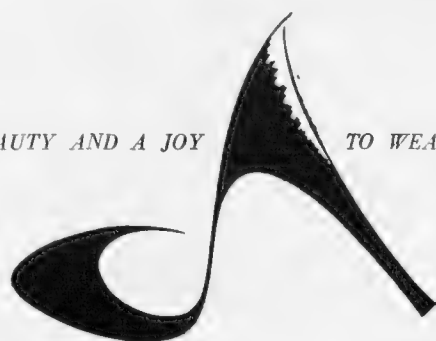
*Hutchings*

haute couture in footwear...

if they'd cost a kingdom they'd be worth it!

A SHOE OF BEAUTY AND A JOY

TO WEAR



LEEDS ..... Mabanes, Marshall and Snelgrove,  
Matthias Robinson  
LEICESTER ..... Baird, Bruin, Johnson,  
Marshall and Snelgrove  
LEVEN ..... Wilkie  
LINCOLN ..... Mason  
LIVERPOOL ..... Bon Marche, Collinson, Hinde  
LLANDUDNO Mary Markham, David Roberts  
LLANELLY ..... Evans  
LONDON ..... Debenham and Freebody,  
Derry and Toms, Fortnum and Mason,  
Harvey Nichols, Harrods, Joanny,  
Jumelles, Lillywhites, London Shoe,  
Marshall and Snelgrove, Peter Jones,  
Russell and Bromley, Simpsons  
LOWESTOFT ..... Alderton  
LYTHAM ..... Jamieson, Mellelieu  
MACCLESFIELD ..... Rose  
MAIDSTONE ..... Marsh  
MALVERN ..... Elts  
MANCHESTER Babers, Hinde, Kendal Milne  
MIDDLESBROUGH ..... Binns, Clinkard  
MONTROSE ..... Cowie  
MORECAMBE ..... Humpage  
MOTHERWELL ..... Forrest  
NAIRN ..... Napier  
NANTWICH ..... Talbots  
NEWARK ..... Whetton  
NEWBURY ..... Elliott  
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE ..... Amos Atkinson,  
Binns, Fenwick  
NEWCASTLE U/LYME ..... Mower  
NEWMARKET ..... Quant  
NEWPORT ..... Evans  
NORTHWOOD ..... Bowley  
NORWICH ..... Baird, Bowhill and Elliott  
NOTTINGHAM ..... Griffin and Spalding,  
Whetton  
OXFORD ..... Ducker, Elliston and Cavell  
PENRITH ..... Guest  
PERTH ..... McNicoll, Wood  
PETERBOROUGH ..... Gibbs  
PETERSFIELD ..... Suters  
PITLOCHRY ..... Duncan  
PLYMOUTH ..... Pophams  
PRESTON ..... Humpage, Jamieson  
PWLLHELI ..... Manfield  
READING ..... Heelas  
REIGATE ..... Jones  
ROCHESTER ..... Armitage  
SALISBURY ..... Moore Bros.  
SALTCOATS ..... Hannah  
SCARBOROUGH ..... Marshall and Snelgrove,  
Rowntree  
SEDBERGH ..... Lewis  
SHEFFIELD ..... Cockayne, Cole, Walsh  
SHREWSBURY ..... Collinson  
SKEGNESS ..... Blackburn  
SOLI HULL ..... Atherton  
SOUTHAMPTON ..... French  
SOUTHPORT ..... Broadbents, Collinson  
SOUTHSEA ..... Handleys  
STAFFORD ..... Brookfields  
ST. ANDREWS ..... Donaldson  
ST. ANNES ..... Humpage  
ST. HELENS ..... Clinkard  
ST. LEONARDS ..... Williams  
STIRLING ..... Ferguson  
STOCKPORT ..... Hindmarsh  
STOCKTON-ON-TEES ..... Blackett, Clinkard  
STRATFORD-ON-AVON ..... Elts  
STROUD ..... Revell  
SUNDERLAND ..... Blackett, Binns  
SUTTON ..... Shinnars  
SWANSEA ..... Frayne  
TEIGNMOUTH ..... Creedy  
TENBY ..... Davies  
TORQUAY ..... Cizec  
TROON ..... Brown  
TUNBRIDGE WELLS ..... Allen  
ULVERSTON ..... Dickinson  
WALSALL ..... Owen Maxwell  
WARMINGSTON ..... Beaven  
WATERLOOVILLE ..... Wadham  
WEST HARTLEPOOL ..... Binns  
WEST KIRBY ..... Jones  
WEYMOUTH ..... Templeman  
WHITBY ..... McNeil  
WIGAN ..... Scott  
WINDSOR ..... Caley  
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and at leading stores throughout Australia,  
Canada, and U.S.A.





## Riché is thinking of you

Here is the source of RICHE's inspiration. Beautiful, beautiful hands.

When you enter his agreeable salons in Hay Hill, you are welcomed into no set pattern of things. RICHE creates for you an individual style that is unique, that is *only* you.

And then his new Champagne Shampoo. Who but RICHE would have lighted on this? It contains real *special cuvée* champagne. It brings a sparkle and brilliance to your hair which is quite, quite new.

You must come to Hay Hill soon. You must permit RICHE to fashion you a new style. You must try his Champagne Shampoo. Sheer extravagance, of course. Very gay, very glittering. *Très gai, très scintillant!*



**RICHE FOR HAIR PERFECTION**  
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Telephone: HYDe Park 3368 (3 lines)

TRY RICHE PREPARATIONS AT HOME. GOOD STORES HAVE THEM—OR WILL ORDER THEM ESPECIALLY FOR YOU.

Here's glamour afoot for evening leisure  
so colourful...so gay...so comfortable...



No. 400



No. 500

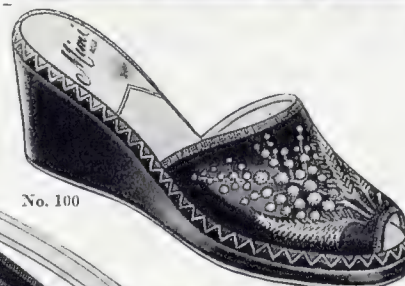


No. 200



For evening leisure, Mimi Embroidered Slippers are available in a wide range of beautiful designs, all richly embroidered. Colours: Black, Pale Blue, Pink, Gold, White and Oyster. Ask to see these exciting styles... 28/6 to 35/-.

From Stores and leading Shoe Shops throughout the country.



No. 100



No. 300

Send post card for name and address of nearest retailer to  
LIVERPOOL SHOE CO. LTD., SPIRELLA HOUSE, OXFORD CIRCUS, LONDON, W.1.



Almost invisible  
**Nylace Toe-Ring**  
stop toe ladders  
before they start

Comfortable,  
stretchable  
**Nylace Top**  
ends suspender  
ladders forever

sheer sheer

**Berkshire**  
stockings

*Only Berkshire stockings have  
the ladderproof all-Nylace top  
and toe-ring in a complete range  
including S-T-R-E-T-C-H.*



MADE FOR YOU IN NORTHERN IRELAND BY AMERICA'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER  
OF NYLON STOCKINGS. DISTRIBUTED BY DONBROS OF SCOTLAND.

# Horrockses







## Inside Story



ONE thing about a Burberry—you always look your charming best in it. Actually, you can't help it, wearing a weatherproof with such a traditionally smart cut and 'fall'. Yet there's so much *more* to a Burberry than outward good looks. Like exclusive DOUBLE PROOFING of cotton gabardines—once in the yarn and again in the piece, for extra weather protection. Yarn-dyeing for lovely 'bloom' surface. Tailored, hand-sewn collars, exclusive linings in exciting shades . . . extra touches of luxury you richly deserve to revel in! Now you know why you just cannot better a Burberry. From 7 to 19 guineas (in various colours).



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Burberry label—  
your guarantee  
of the genuine  
garment.

At Burberrys in the Haymarket  
or Appointed Retailers  
throughout the country.

# Burberry

It's high time YOU had a Burberry



## Have you met . . . ?

If you have met her, you could never forget her. She's tall, slim, has glinting hair and a wonderful creamy skin.

She looks *naturally* poised and confident, but she says that her confidence comes from her own particular beauty care.

She never neglects to cream cleanse her skin with Pond's Cold Cream, because a flawlessly clear skin is the basis of her beauty. And for an all-day, every occasion make-up, Pond's Vanishing Cream is the smooth base which holds her powder extra long.

She is (if you haven't met her before) the Lady Bridget Garnett—just one of the many beautiful users of Pond's Beauty products. Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream cost 5/6 each. In smaller sizes too, and in tubes.



Style  
Moves ahead of  
Fashion,  
Says Martin Douglas  
at 30 Davies Street, W.1.  
So if you're  
A client of his  
You probably wore  
The smooth look  
Six months ago, or more



Incidentally,  
If you want to keep  
Your head  
Ahead,  
Call Martin Douglas  
At Mayfair 8776/7  
Or, if you live in Leeds,  
At Headrow House  
Leeds 33322

IT'S **Bally** THE WORLD OVER



...loves her Shoes

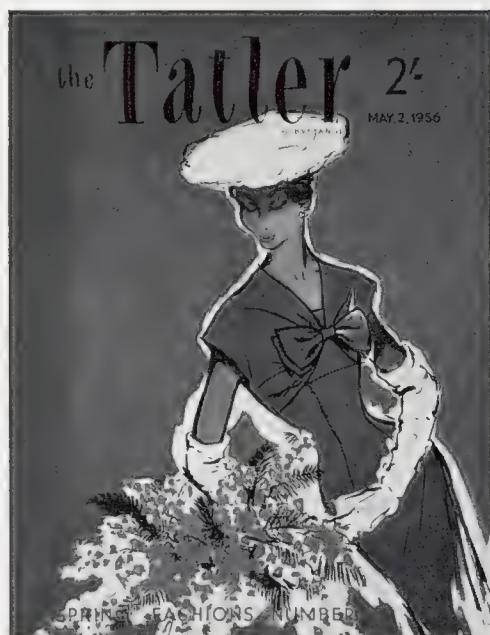
FANCHON *Ltd.*

30 OLD BOND STREET W.1



# DIARY OF THE WEEK

From May 2 to May 9, 1956



PAMELA DEGIL has drawn for the cover of this issue a model wearing Julian Rose's pale blue wild silk sheath dress with a bowed Empire bust line, which costs 18 gns. at Woollands, Knightsbridge. Miss Degil, twenty-four years of age, is one of the cleverest of our younger fashion artists. She lives in Hampstead, is a travel and gardening enthusiast, and also takes a keen and well-informed interest in politics

**May 2 (Wed.)** Princess Margaret will be present at the anniversary meeting of the British Sailors Society at the Mansion House in celebration of the Diamond Jubilee of the Society's guild.

The Duke of Gloucester will attend the Royal Academy dinner.

The Dublin Spring Show to May 5.

National Hackney Show at Derby.

The Rose Ball in aid of Alexandra Day at Grosvenor House.

First Night of *Hotel Paradise* at the Winter Garden Theatre.

Racing at Newmarket (the 2,000 Guineas), at Catterick Bridge and Phoenix Park.

**May 3 (Thur.)** Princess Margaret attends the Victoria Cross Centenary Ball at the Royal College of Surgeons.

Dance: Lady Bocket for her daughter the Hon. Elizabeth Nall-Cain at Bocket Hall.

First Night of *Wild Grows the Heather* at the Hippodrome.

Racing at Newmarket.

**May 4 (Fri.)** Prince Philip will open the new transonic and supersonic wind tunnel of the Aircraft Research Association at Bedford. He will also attend the annual dinner at the Savoy Hotel of the Parliamentary Press Gallery.

Private View at the Royal Academy.

Dances: Mrs. Christopher Blunt, Mrs. Geoffrey Hunt and Mrs. John Waterfield for their daughters, Miss Judith Blunt, Miss Rosemary Hunt, and Miss Hermione Waterfield, at 6 Stanhope Gate.

Mrs. Wilfred Thorowgood for her daughter, Miss Christine Thorowgood, at 24 Pont Street.

"C" Battery H.A.C. Ball at Armoury House.

Racing at Newmarket (the 1,000 Guineas).

**May 5 (Sat.)** The Duke of Gloucester as Colonel-in-Chief of the 10th Royal Hussars will attend the Old Comrades Association dinner at Porchester Hall.

The Summer Exhibition of the Royal Academy opens at Burlington House.

The F.A. Final at Wembley Stadium.

The Bicester and Warden Hill point-to-point at Kimble Hill and the Ferniepoint-to-point at Kilby.

Racing at Hamilton Park, Newbury, Newcastle, Stratford-on-Avon.

**May 6 (Sun.)** The Duke of Gloucester will take the salute at a parade of the Combined Cavalry Old Comrades in Hyde Park and lay a wreath on the Cavalry Memorial.

**May 7 (Mon.)** Racing at Alexandra Park and Nottingham.

Dance: Mrs. William Heathcoat Amory and Mrs. Thomas Powell for their daughters, Miss Diana Heathcoat Amory and Miss Mary Theresa Powell. Mask and Dagger Ball at Grosvenor House.

**May 8 (Tues.)** The Queen and Prince Philip begin a two-day visit to Devon and Cornwall.

Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother will visit the exhibition sponsored by the Royal School of Needlework at Marlborough House.

The Duke of Gloucester will open the new Territorial Army centre at Harraby near Carlisle.

The Princess Royal visits Guernsey for three days. Queen Charlotte's Ball at Grosvenor House.

Racing at Chester (three days).

**May 9 (Wed.)** The Queen Mother as Chancellor of London University will attend the presentation day ceremony at the Albert Hall.

Golf: First Day of the Ladies' Spring Meeting at Roehampton.

First Night of *The House by the Lake* at the Duke of York's Theatre.

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**NO LADDERS**  
*what a blessing!*



YES, let's face it — nylons are such gossamer creations, you **never** know your luck.

But Ballerina give you an **effective** ladder stop, top and toe, and **only** in Ballerina can you get this safeguard in **every pair** from 7/11 to 17/11 and still, **at no extra cost to you**, be sure of that sheer loveliness for which Ballerina have always been renowned.

Ask for them at your favourite shop and **insist** on the name Ballerina.

**First with the "Ladder Stops" in every pair from 7/11 to 17/11**





Norton-Pratt

## Lady-in-waiting at Holyroodhouse

LADY COLQUHOUN OF LUSS, wife of Sir Ivar Colquhoun of Luss, Bt., has been appointed lady-in-waiting in the suite of the Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, Mr. Walter Elliot, M.P., when he and Mrs. Elliot are in residence at the Palace of Holyroodhouse, from

the 21st to the 30th of this month. Sir Ivar and Lady Colquhoun live at Ross-dhu, on beautiful Loch Lomondside. They were married in 1943, and have two sons, the elder of whom, Torquhil, was twelve last month, and a daughter. Lady Colquhoun is the daughter of the late Mr. Walter Atholl Duncan





*Lord Mark Bretton, the bride's uncle, with  
Mrs. P. Henderson*



*Mr. John Elliott, Miss Rosemary Elliott  
and Mr. Yule Elliott*



*Major and the Hon. Mrs. Claude Knight,  
parents of the bride*

## THE BRIDAL AT RINGMER

THE beautiful village of Ringmer, Sussex, will long remember the springtime wedding of Capt. Jerome De Salis, Welsh Guards, son of Lt.-Col. E. W. Fane De Salis, M.C., J.P., of East Woodhay, Newbury, and of the late Mrs. Fane De Salis, to Miss Caroline Knight, daughter of Major and the Hon. Mrs. Claude Knight, of Lower Stoneham, Sussex. Afterwards some 600 guests toasted the bride and bridegroom at Glynde Place, the family home of the Hampdens for more than five centuries, lent by Mrs. H. R. Brand, a cousin of the bride. Right, the bridesmaids: Miss Georgiana De Salis, Miss Priscilla Cooe-Adams, Lady Nell Harris, Miss Alicia Cooke, Miss Patricia Knight. On floor, Veronica Henderson and Sarah Knight



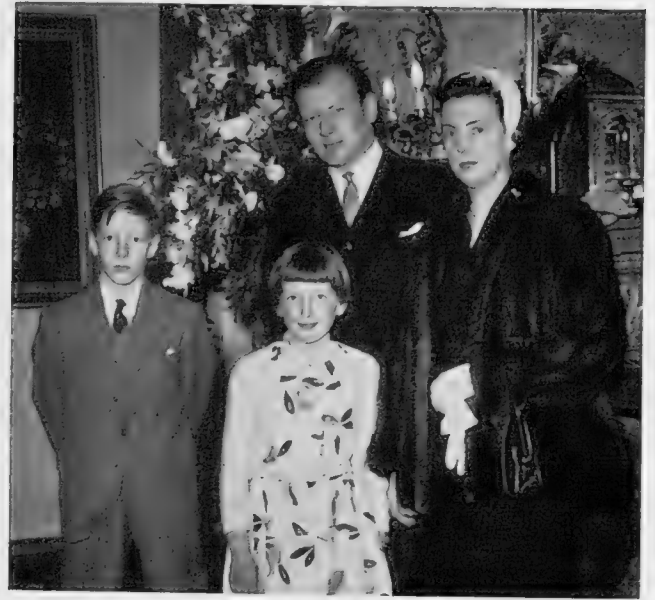




*Capt. De Salis and his bride leaving the church of St. Mary the Virgin after the ceremony*

*Maj.-Gen. and Mrs. R. B. Cooke, from Odiham, Hants*

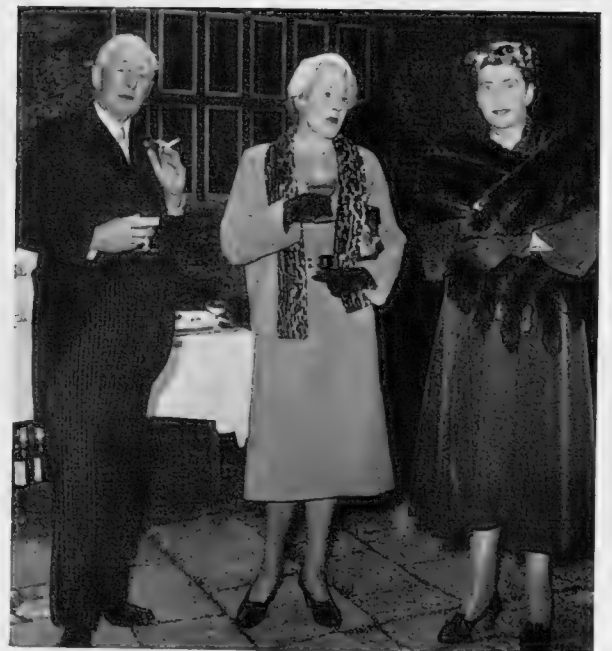
*Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Fane De Salis, father and stepmother of the groom*



*Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Bennett with their children Hugh and Scilla*



*Miss Jennifer Burrows and Mr. Anthony Beeley at the reception*



*Col. and Mrs. H. Sturgess and Mrs. H. R. Brand, who lent Glynde Place*





## THE CARABINIERS SALUTE A PRINCE AND PRINCESS

THE wedding ceremony in Monte Carlo of Prince Rainier and Miss Grace Kelly, here leaving the cathedral of Monaco between a guard of honour of carabiniers and sailors, was a beautiful and dignified finale to what has been the most heavily publicized event of the year. The exquisitely lovely bride, the bridegroom in his ceremonial uniform, the accompaniments of music and colour, made this event a never-to-be-forgotten occasion, with its pageantry moving against a background of brilliant blue sky, sea and sun



## Social Journal

Jennifer

## WEDDING IN MONACO

WHITE lilac, lilies, and lilies of the valley, massed in profusion, decorated the cathedral at Monaco for the recent marriage of Prince Rainier III, Sovereign Prince of Monaco, and Miss Grace Kelly, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John B. Kelly, of Philadelphia.

This has been a truly fairy-tale wedding which has touched the hearts of millions throughout the world. Miss Kelly, now Her Serene Highness Princess Grace of Monaco, was one of the most beautiful brides I have ever seen, entirely serious and dignified throughout. There was a hush as she walked up the aisle on the arm of her father, wearing her quite exquisite parchment tinted, pearl embroidered lace and satin wedding dress. She was followed by two little pages in parchment satin suits. Her child bridesmaids wore primrose organdie dresses with wreaths of yellow flowers in their hair, while the older bridesmaids or maids of honour, headed by her sister Mrs. Davis, wore primrose organza dresses with hats to match.

The bride and her retinue arrived first, as is the custom if the bridegroom is a ruling Prince. Prince Rainier, who wore a most picturesque uniform of light blue braided trousers, a black jacket with touches of red and yellow and gold braid, on which were numerous orders and decorations, walked up the aisle accompanied by his Lord Chamberlain Comte Fernand Caillard d'Aillières, his *aide-de-camp* Col. René Séverac, and the two priests Father Francis Tucker his private chaplain, and Monseigneur Gilles Barthé, Bishop of Monaco.

A GUARD of the Prince's company of Carabiniers, in red, white and blue uniforms with their light blue helmets trimmed with red and white plumes, took up their position each side of the aisle and at the Elevation sounded a fanfare of trumpets.

The music, with the singing of the choir of a hundred voices and the soloists, was magnificent and very moving throughout the wedding ceremony and Nuptial Mass. The officiating clergy were Father Tucker, Monseigneur Gilles Barthé, and Father John Carton from Philadelphia. At the end of the service Monseigneur Paolo Marella, looking magnificent in his purple robes—he is the Apostolic delegate in Paris—who was representing Pope Pius XII at the wedding, delivered the Pope's message of blessing to the bride and bridegroom, and gave a short address in English.

When the bride and bridegroom left the cathedral they drove in their new open Rolls-Royce car through the streets of cheering inhabitants to the church of the Sainte-Devote, where Princess Grace laid her bridal posy on the altar. Then they returned to the palace where guests had come across from the cathedral to the reception. Here a buffet luncheon was served at small tables arranged in the picturesque courtyard with its pale, salmon pink walls. The bride and bridegroom came out on to the terrace of the courtyard, then walked down the prettily designed double steps to join their guests, have their lunch, and cut their wedding cake, which was placed between the two flights of steps.

Those at the ceremony included the bridegroom's parents Prince Pierre and Princess Charlotte, the latter in a cornflower blue ensemble. His sister Princess Antoinette looked exceedingly chic wearing a white grosgrain coat embroidered with gold and silver threads, and a little cap to match. Princess Ghislaine, widow of Prince Louis II, was an outstanding figure in an exquisite picture hat made entirely of palest lavender grey ospreys, and a dress of the same shade. The bride's mother, Mrs. Kelly, looked charming in a mushroom pink ensemble. Her brother, Mr. John B. Kelly, was accompanied by his blonde wife. Princess Guy de Polignac, who was with her husband, had a blue dress with a tulle hat to match, and Comtesse d'Aillières was in aquamarine blue with touches of white. Nearby were Mme. Severnac, Comtesse de Baciocchi, and Commandant Garrus. Also Prince Tassiol Furstenberg whose small son Sebastian was one of the pages.

THE Minister of State and Mme. Soum were sitting in one of the front pews near the Begum Aga Khan, who was as always a handsome figure, and was wearing a grey organza dress with a large hat of the same material and a silver mink stole. The male guests wore full evening dress of white tie and tail coat. Besides the ministers and officials, who wore full dress uniform, the uniforms of the representatives of over twenty countries with their orders and decorations added to the brilliant scene. Foremost among these was the tall upright figure of the Queen's representative, Maj.-Gen. Sir Guy Salisbury-Jones, Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps, who was accompanied by Mr. W. B. C. Weld-Forester, the British Consul at Nice.

Among other guests I saw at the wedding were the Earl of Dudley sitting with the Earl and Countess of Dumfries, she wore a pale pink coat and little hat to match, Lady Diana Duff Cooper, who had a pale blue picture hat with a grey and white striped dress, and Mr. and Mrs. Vane Ivanovic, the latter in a grey organza dress with a grey mink stole and little pale pink organdie hat—they were joined at the reception by his mother Madame Banac. Dame Margot Fonteyn, wearing a small hat with her silk suit, was accompanied by her husband H.E. Senor Dr. Don Roberto E. Arias, the Ambassador for Panama in London.

I ALSO saw Mr. and Mrs. Onassis, Mr. and Mrs. Arpad Plesch, Ava Gardner, the Hon. Mrs. Reginald Fellowes, Mrs. Cornelius Whitley wearing an enormous shocking pink velvet hat with her dress to match, and Mrs. Robert Rea of Philadelphia in a luxurious pale blue satin coat over a dress to match, with a pale blue organza hat and lovely jewellery. She was accompanied by her husband.

Later the bride and bridegroom left in his yacht the *Deo Juvante II* to spend their honeymoon cruising in the Mediterranean; the bride again looked lovely—very neatly dressed in a pale blue-grey suit, no jewellery and a little tight fitting white cap which enhanced the beauty of her superb profile and reminded many of a Botticelli painting.



MISS CHARLOTTE KLEINWORT, <sup>Pearl Freeman</sup> second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Kleinwort, of Moreton-in-Marsh, Glos, who was presented in March and is to have a London dance in December



MISS SALLY BUTLER, <sup>Harcourt, Paris</sup> daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. K. Butler, of Westcott, Berkshire, who was presented by her aunt, Lady Edwards. Her father is a cousin of Mr. R. A. Butler, Lord Privy Seal



MISS BRIDGET O'DWYER, <sup>Delia Dudgeon</sup> another débutante presented in March, is the daughter of Mr. Terence J. O'Dwyer, D.F.C., and Mrs. O'Dwyer, of Hurlingham, Buenos Aires, Argentina

[Continued overleaf]





Betty Swache

MISS ISOBEL MITCHELL, who was presented at Buckingham Palace in March, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Mitchell, of Snowford House, Long Itchington, near Rugby. She is just seventeen. Her parents have taken a flat in Park Lane for the season and are giving a dance for her at Londonderry House, on May 14. She is a keen rider and hunts with the Warwickshire

The harbour of Monte Carlo was full of yachts dressed overall for the celebrations, which made a very gay picture. The biggest was Mr. and Mrs. Onassis's *Christina*, which is large enough to carry a little amphibian plane on board. Inside this is one of the most beautiful boats I have ever been aboard, fitted and furnished throughout with impeccable taste. Then there was Viscount Camrose's lovely boat the *Virginia*, which was chartered to an American family who were living on board. Mr. and Mrs. Loel Guinness were on board their *Calisto*, and nearby was Count Annielli's *Harbinger* and Mme. Banac's *Daska*, gleaming with new white paint in the sunshine.

EARL and Countess Beatty, who had also rented one of the Countess of Kenmare's villas at Cap Ferrat, had friends staying with them on their fine yacht the *Sea Huntress*. The Hon. Mrs. Fellowes had Lady Diana Duff Cooper and other friends staying on her yacht *Sister Anne*, and Sir Archibald and Lady McIndoe were among Mr. and Mrs. Basil Mavroleon's guests in the *Radiant*. Besides many private yachts in the harbour there were also ships from the British, American, French and Italian navies.

Festivities during the week, besides the Royal Gala at the Sporting Club on Sunday and galas on the five following nights, included a reception for the diplomats and other official representatives, a garden party for the residents of Monaco, a stupendous firework display and a gala ballet at the theatre on the Wednesday night, when Dame Margot Fonteyn danced with Michael Somes to a glittering audience. Watching the performance from a flower-decked box were Prince Rainier and his bride-to-be, who wore a ruby and diamond tiara with her sequin embroidered white satin dress, across which she wore the scarlet and white ribbon of the order of Saint Charles, which the Prince had given her after the civil ceremony in the palace earlier that day.

During the wedding week the Hotel de Paris, which I have always considered one of the best hotels in the world, was packed with

guests including the Aga Khan and the Begum and several representatives of other countries. They also had a continual flow of daily visitors for luncheon, tea, or dinner, or for a drink in the bar with its long french windows overlooking the sea and Casino. In spite of this big invasion, which went on almost from dawn to dawn, the room service, as well as the cuisine and the service in the restaurant, was perfection throughout the week. This is a great credit to M. Broc who also organized much of the Royal Gala at the Sporting Club on the Sunday night and those on the following five nights, as well as supervising the arrangements for the wedding reception luncheon at the palace, and other parties given to celebrate this unique occasion.

During the week, among others I met in the Hotel de Paris were Earl and Countess Beatty, the latter looking lovely in a midnight blue organza evening dress, who had brought their guests in to dine in the restaurant. These included Col. and Mrs. John Ward who had motored out from England, Ann Lady Orr-Lewis and Mrs. Shepridge. At a nearby table two charming Norwegians, Mr. and Mrs. Camillo Holm, who now make their home in Monte Carlo for some months of the year, had a party of friends with them including Mrs. Elise Hunt, very pretty in pale pink satin and lovely diamond and gold jewellery, who had motored over from Antibes, and Mr. George Guinle from Brazil.

MR. SOMERSET MAUGHAM, a guest at the wedding, was dining in a party with Lady Diana Duff Cooper and the Hon. Mrs. Fellowes who wore a striking scarlet faille evening coat. Earlier in the day I had met Viscountess Bridport looking very attractive and bronzed (she had come over from Rome for a few days), Mr. and Mrs. Denis Russell and their younger son David who motored over from Antibes where they were staying in a villa, and Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Cleaver who came in from their delightful villa at Cap d'Ail. Also the very charming Italian Marquise Rolandi Ricci who had come in from the Villa La Poylida at San Remo, and

was accompanied by a young fellow countryman, Comte Gazzoni, who is up at Oxford.

After my return from Monte Carlo I flew over the next day to Belfast for the ball which Lord and Lady Glentoran gave to celebrate the coming of age of their son and heir the Hon. Robin Dixon, Grenadier Guards. On the plane were about forty young friends from England, and Robin and his sister Clare, who made her debut last year, were at the airport to meet us all. Then came the moment for directing everyone to their various house parties, an operation which this charming young brother and sister carried out most efficiently.

THE Governor and Lady Wakehurst kindly put up some of the young guests at Government House, including the Hon. Susan Scott-Ellis, Miss Caroline Lockhard and Mr. Nugent. Others who had house parties for the ball included the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava at Clondeboyne, Lord and Lady Clanwilliam at Montalto, Lt.-Cdr. J. O. and the Hon. Mrs. King, Mrs. Montgomery, the Earl and Countess of Antrim at Glenarm Castle, Mrs. Mackeen, Mrs. Stephens, Gen. Sir Brian and Lady Kimmins, Lord O'Neill and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Byers, who gave a very enjoyable small dance for her attractive nieces Miss Gillian and Miss Jenefer Anderson the following night.

Lord Glentoran, who is M.P. for the Bloomfield Division of Belfast, and Minister of Commerce in the Ulster Government, and Lady Glentoran gave the ball in Belfast Castle. As guests drove up the long steep drive they saw the castle cleverly floodlit, an imposing picture high above the City of Belfast whose lights twinkled below. It was a fine evening and a nearly full moon added to the beauty of this scene. Inside, the long ballroom, fine reception rooms and wide staircase were decorated with bamboos growing in tubs and masses of deep pink geraniums, rhododendrons of the same shade, and daffodils. Bowls of primroses were arrayed on the small supper tables, which were lit by yellow candles in silver candelabras, in the two first floor supper rooms.

LORD GLENTORAN and his wife, who looked charming in a pale grey and blue brocade dress, received their guests with their son Robin and daughter, Clare, who was wearing a pink dress lightly patterned in black with long black gloves. There were only a small number of older guests. Among these were the Duchess of Abercorn, whose two sons the Marquess of Hamilton and Lord Claud Hamilton were both there; Lord MacDermott, the Lord Chief Justice of Northern Ireland, and Lady MacDermott, the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava and her husband Judge John Maude, who brought a party from Clondeboyne including the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava, Lady Perdita Blackwood who was in blue, Miss Diana Grant, Mr. Fred Warner, Mr. Peregrine Bertie, Mr. Nicholas Saunders and Mr. Ewan Macpherson.

Viscount and Viscountess Bury came over from nearby Castle Stewart and the Earl and Countess of Antrim brought their son and debutante daughter, Viscount Dunluce and Lady Christina McDonnell, and their house party of young guests. Also present were the Earl and Countess of Belmore over from their lovely home Castle Coole which was given to the National Trust, Lt.-Col. Alan McKibbin, the M.P. for East Belfast at Westminster, the Lord Mayor of Belfast Alderman Harcourt and Mrs. Harcourt, the High Sheriff Alderman Kinahan and Mrs. Kinahan, who kindly put up some of the young guests, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Roly Byers and Mr. and Mrs. Norman Wachman who had come up from Southern Ireland for the occasion, Mr. Samuel Rodgers,

M.P. for Pottinger, and Mrs. Rodgers, Major and Mrs. Douglas Colin Clark who had a house party at Ardtullagh, and Sir Anthony and Lady Clark. Lt.-Col. "Pug" Grosvenor, M.P. for Enniskillen, was at the ball with Mrs. Grosvenor, also Lt.-Cdr. and Mrs. Lennox Cotton, Col. and Mrs. Tommy Lindsay who have a delightful home, the Glen House, in Co. Down, Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Lindsay who were just back from a ski-ing holiday in Zermatt, Major George Mackean and his very pretty wife who was in grey organza, also his mother Mrs. Charles Mackean, the Rt. Hon. Phelim O'Neill, M.P., with Mrs. O'Neill and their son, and Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Stephens and his Swiss born wife who put up young guests for the ball at their home Oak Hill. Mr. Stephens escaped during the war from the famous Colditz camp. Among the many young friends I saw dancing besides those I have mentioned were the Hon. Janet Hamilton, daughter of Lord and Lady Hamilton of Dalzell, very pretty in primrose brocade, partnered by the Marquess of Hamilton, Miss Alexandra Seely, Mr. Robin Hill, Mr. Peter Stanley and his sister Sarah who wore a striking bright pink dress, and Lord Rideau who arrived (like several of the young guests) on the late plane from England just in time for the dance. He stayed at Shane's Castle with Lord O'Neill who was also among the young people dancing.

BESIDES the usual dance band there was an outstandingly good jazz band composed of seven amateurs, all friends, and directed by Mr. Jimmy Compton. I have never seen so many happy young faces in any ballroom as when these young men were playing for a very energetic Charleston! About 2 a.m. the band played "Happy Birthday to You," as by then it was actually Robin's twenty-first birthday.

Other young friends enjoying this memorable ball, which went on until after 4 a.m., were Lord James Crichton-Stuart, who has just finished his military service and is going up to Cambridge in the autumn, Mr. Euan Johnstone who was staying with his uncle and aunt Gen. Sir Brian and Lady Kimmins, Miss April Villar in a red and white striped dress, Miss Caroline Butler, Countess Bunny Esterhazy, Miss Caroline Godfrey, Mr. Peter Allfrey, Miss Fiona McCausland, Mr. George Earle and his very attractive sister Belinda, Miss Jane Berry who was staying with Lord and Lady Clanwilliam who were both at the ball, Miss Joanna Harter, Mr. Peter Wachman, and Mr. David Price Jones.

Next day Lord and Lady Glentoran had a fork luncheon party for eighty to ninety guests who included many of these young friends, at their home Drumadarragh House, Doagh, before they all went on to the local point to point. Later many met again at Mr. and Mrs. Frank Byers's house for a small dance of about a hundred young friends.

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I WAS away in Northern Ireland on the day of Lady Anne Coke's marriage to the Hon. Colin Tennant, which took place in the little church of St. Withiburga, Holkham. From friends who were present I hear that Lady Anne was an outstandingly beautiful bride in an exquisite wedding dress designed for her by Norman Hartnell. It was of white organza with a silver embroidered lace bodice and silver lace on the skirt, while her long tulle veil was held in place by a circlet of mother of pearl flowers and silver leaves.

Her three pages and three child bridesmaids were Julian Birch, James Hambro and Christopher Tennant, Lady Sarah Coke, the Hon. Catherine Tennant and Julian Harvey,

[Continued overleaf]



**Trinity College Beagles** held their ball at the Hyde Park Hotel. Above: Miss Kathrine Loudon and Miss Bridget de Bunsen (right) with Mr. Peter Allitt and Mr. Patrick Hartigan, who will be joint-Masters of the Trinity Beagles up at Oxford next term



Mr. Guy Lyster, Lord Denham, the Hon. Mrs. D. A. Pease, who is a daughter of the fifth Viscount Portman, and Lady Denham

Miss Jennifer Bott, Mr. Robert Philipson-Stow, Miss Dillys Le Fleming, Mr. A. W. Wiggin, Miss Belinda Stobart and Mr. R. D. Crossman



Van Hallan





## Yacht Club dance on Southsea Pier

THE Royal Albert Yacht Club held its Olympic Fund Ball on the South Parade Pier at Southsea, which had been cleverly transformed for the occasion by members of the committee. Above: Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Blake and Mr. Trevor Glanville

*Mr. John Glanville, Rear-Commodore of the Club, and Mrs. Glanville*

*Mr. Michael Bridges Webb was with his fiancée, Miss Joanna Fairtlough*



*Mr. Richard Burley was escorting Miss Gillian Clarke*

*Miss Jean Scott-Foster dancing with Mr. Geoffrey Glanville*

*Gabor Denes*

the boys wearing white satin trousers with white organdie shirts, while the little girls were in white organdie dresses with turquoise sashes, and circlets of white flowers in their hair with little turquoise ribbons at the back.

Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret attended the ceremony, and went on to the reception which the bride's parents, the Earl and Countess of Leicester, held at their magnificent ancestral home Holkham Hall. The bridegroom's parents, Lord Glenconner and Pamela Lady Glenconner, were both there, also many members of his family, as well as numerous members of the bride's family. Among these were her very pretty younger sister Lady Carey Coke, who was in a dusty pink silk suit with a tulle trimmed hat to match, and her grandmother Ellen Countess of Hardwicke.

A great number of friends of both families were present, some of whom had come up from London on the special train which had been so thoughtfully arranged for the comfort of guests travelling that way.

After the bride and bridegroom had finished receiving their guests in the Hall with their parents, they went to the marquee which had been built on to the house. Here they shook hands and talked to all the tenants and employees who had come to this lovely wedding. It was a charming and kindly thought on the part of the Queen Mother that she and Princess Margaret also accompanied the bride and bridegroom to the marquee, and talked to many of the guests who have known the bride and bridegroom all their lives.

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COUNTRESS CAIRNS and her sister Mrs. Edward Kirkpatrick gave a very enjoyable young people's cocktail party for their niece Miss Susannah Shaw, who is making her début this year. The party took place in a delightful flat which Mrs. Kirkpatrick's son Sir Nicholas Nuttall is sharing with Capt. Christopher Philipson, who like Sir Nicholas is in the Household Cavalry and is incidentally a very useful member of their polo team. Mrs. Kirkpatrick had brought masses of glorious flowers up from Lowesby, their Leicestershire home, so that the rooms looked very gay. There were very few grown-ups there. I met Mr. Roger Hall who had brought his débutante daughter Sally—he has just been appointed a Deputy Lieutenant of the county of Sussex—Mr. and Mrs. Victor Seely and their daughter Zandra, Elizabeth Lady Musker and Miss Penelope Musker, and Lady Mount with her youngest daughter Clare. Susannah Shaw, who is a very attractive girl, is also most popular and had a group of young friends around her all the evening.

I also met Lord Patrick Beresford, who is in the Royal Horse Guards, and is another very promising young polo player, Mr. Nicholas Buckley, Mr. Jamie Illingworth, the Earl of Suffolk, and Mr. Mark Watney. Other young people enjoying this party, which went on much later than the usual cocktail party, were the Hon. David Nall-Cain and his sister Elizabeth, Viscount Hereford, Miss Cecilia Weikersheim, Countess Bunny Esterhazy, Miss Lenette Bromley-Davenport, and Mr. Robin Stormonth-Darling.

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THE Royal Caledonian Ball, one of the most colourful events of the London season, is taking place at Grosvenor House on May 14. As in the case of the Queen Charlotte's Ball, tickets for this event always get sold out early, so it is advisable to apply at once. They can be obtained from Sir Simon Campbell-Orde, Bt., Grosvenor House, Park Lane, W.1.



Photograph by Tony Armstrong Jones

## THE ELDEST DAUGHTER OF A GREAT FAMILY MARRIES

QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER and Princess Margaret attended the wedding of the Earl and Countess of Leicester's eldest daughter, Lady Anne Coke, to the Hon. Colin Tennant, eldest son of Lord Glenconner, and of Pamela Lady Glenconner. The marriage took place at St. Withburga's, Holkham, and the reception was held at the bride's beautiful home, Holkham Hall, where this photograph of her in her exquisite bridal dress was taken





## THE CRICKETER'S LADY

• KENNETH GREGORY •

ONE are the days when knights were bold. Sir Donald Bradman, timorous in retirement, and the other Australian cricket selectors might have chosen Keith Miller as captain of the twenty-second touring side from their country. Had they done so, they would certainly have incurred the gratitude of every woman in England. Instead, they preferred Ian Johnson, a fine player and a man of charm, but as likely to lure uncommitted women to Lord's and Old Trafford as the average stockbroker would be to attract bobby-soxers to the Old Vic.

If Miller had been an actor he might have challenged Sir Laurence Olivier as the finest Hotspur of the age. But recalling the fate of Hotspur, we may admit that the selectors were perhaps right. The job of an Australian captain is not "to pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon"—assuming that modern cricket is unduly pale-faced, Miller has done this during the past ten years—but to indulge in stratagems and regain the Ashes.

Almost alone among contemporary cricketers, Miller is the personification of that abused word, glamour. Watch him, standing nonchalantly in the slips and probably whistling

Beethoven, and you behold a hangover from the Golden Age, from the time when a Maclaren or a Fry was as glorious as Lewis Waller.

To say that cricket needs glamour to recommend it is not criticism, but rather recognition of an eternal truth. My grandmother's first love was for her family doctor, an immense man with fearsome beard and twinkling eyes, Dr. Gilbert Grace. The manner in which "W. G." raised his hat was an object lesson to all the swains who adored her. Medical practitioners were mortal men, but Grace—captain of England and the greatest of all English cricketers—was cheerfully immortal and, to say the least, unfair competition.

CRICKET was a product of the Age of Reason in one of its rare moods of forgetfulness. On one occasion reason was synonymous with romance. It was in the summer of 1779 when Elizabeth Ann, daughter of Sir Peter Burrell, took part in a women's match at Beckenham and made top score. The cynic might conclude that she was the forerunner of Mr. Betjeman's Joan Hunter-Dunne, but the facts have it otherwise. Elizabeth Ann so bewitched the young Duke of Hamilton—whether by her grace between the wickets or the delicacy of

her late cut we do not know—that they were married in the following year. Now cricket has moved from the Age of Reason into the Welfare State; when young men declare themselves bewitched it is more likely by a show jumper or the approach methods of a promising golfer.

IN spite of our women cricketers we must resign ourselves in the main to the sex as watchers. Countless women endure tedious Saturday afternoons while their menfolk turn out for the Wanderers or the local village side. To them, and their braver sisters who choose a book for the back garden, one would offer advice. Let them con by rote the names of 1956. Not of the politicians who spoke zealously in the Budget debate, not of Mr. Krushchev, smile as he may, nor even of Miss Dors on the line of her new car, but of the seventeen Australians.

The names of these men should not be hard to learn—the pronunciation of Benaud is the most tricky part of the business—and perhaps details of about half a dozen. Let the woman who really cares for domestic bliss in a cricketer's household merely mention in passing that Mackay lifts his bat in the manner of Woodfull (as Woodfull was last seen in this country over twenty years ago this is a guaranteed opening gambit), that Wilson is a defensive bowler in the Toshack tradition, and that Harvey scored a century in his first Test innings against England eight years ago. It matters not if the initiate is confused in her own mind between a leg break as bowled by Benaud and a Cox's Orange Pippin; the mere fact that she has acquired a smattering of ignorance will work wonders. Come to think of it, Eth will one day secure her Ron by mentioning the gogly.

WHAT is it about cricket which enslaves so many men and baffles even more women? It may be the solemn ritual—a great deal of cricket should be accompanied by Ravel's Pavane for a Dead Infanta—the way in which the two umpires amble from the pavilion before the start of play, their long white coats suggesting two characters in search of a cow. The solemn ritual extends to the players, too; between overs they move about the field so guardedly that one looks for the neighbouring disarmament conference. And how are women to know the significance of the odd gesture, as when the captain beckons a fielder one pace back or forwards? This may alter the outcome of the game in four days' time; on the other hand it may not. Some men argue that if women can understand the ritual of a fashion show, they should appreciate cricket. What they overlook is the sheer pace of a fashion show.

Tempo is the paradox of cricket. See the fast bowler strolling to his mark—it is said that England's fast bowler Tyson passes the time by quoting Wordsworth to himself—and you will grasp the essential point, that cricket was





Dr. W. G. Grace—an object lesson to swains



Ian Johnson—charming, but not for bobby-soxers



Keith Miller—the Hotspur of the age?

devised in a more leisurely age and for conditions which have long since disappeared. Its needs are elemental: a comforting summer sun, a field from which the sheep may be driven only a few minutes before the start of play, a throng of small boys on the boundary. Most of all cricket implies peace of mind. Does this argue that cricket is an escapist game? Not more so than the music of Mozart. Like Mozart, cricket does not believe in material progress.

It is illogical, its keynote uncertainty. One mistake, and a Bradman or Hutton has been dismissed the scene. This is why the English, fundamentally a sensible people, do not bet on cricket. In most other sports the contestants share the same conditions. At cricket a side may bat atrociously on a perfect wicket and then—after a night's rain—capsize the opposition which, although batting far better, suggest from the scorebook that they are performing on the sands at Brighton.

On such occasions it is the task of women to succour the drooping spirits of their warriors and emphasize the utter unfairness of the proceedings.

Nothing is more vital in cricket than the wives and sweethearts who sustain the men with food and drink. It is they who remind us that a great American, Will Rogers, was once wrong. Asked how he would enliven the game, he replied: "Well, I'd say: 'Listen, fellers! No food till you're through.'" In the light of this statement it seems incredible that Rogers was a family man. But he was. It was merely that he had forgotten the importance of the twenty-minute tea break and the part it plays in many women's lives.

For six days they have listened to men talking cricket, for two hours and more they

have cut sandwiches and heated water for the urn. Then, at the pre-ordained moment, they stand to attention as the men, many of whom have spent the afternoon in deck chairs, slump down at the central table in varying stages of exhaustion. The women trip gaily forward urging the cricketers to partake of the scones, to try just one of the iced cakes and maybe another cup of tea. Some whisper encouragement, others beam like plated Mars, all regard their masters with awe.

Once during the tea interval at our village club the awe was too-sustained. For fifteen minutes Bert had bowled like a man possessed, scattering the stumps of the enemy like statues of Marshal Stalin. If he could keep it up for another half-hour the game was ours. To their lasting shame the ladies ministered with a foolhardy disregard for cricket. They praised him, they magnified his name; four cucumber sandwiches, four cream buns and three thick slices of fruit cake was the sum of their regard. When Bert ran up to deliver his first ball after tea he grunted and hiccupped like an old shunting engine. His third delivery was struck into a poultry run, his fourth into a meadow. We lost the match.

WOMEN should acquire a sense of humour if married to cricketers. There was a bowler of my acquaintance who once performed the hat trick. How he achieved three successive straight balls I don't know, but he did. Naturally he was acclaimed for his feat. In

due course (and this had nothing to do with his bowling) his wife gave birth to twins. Quite rightly our captain sent the proud father a telegram of congratulations. "WELL DONE STOP BAD LUCK ON MISSING YOUR HAT TRICK STOP." Like Queen Victoria on a less momentous occasion, his wife was not amused. Cricketers will sacrifice anything for the game they love. Only last season another champion of the village team put duty first. At the unfashionable hour of 11.30 a.m. he got married. The casual supporters of our club shook their heads and contemplated defeat in the afternoon. After all George was by far and away the side's best batsman. However, at two o'clock he arrived at the ground somewhat bashful and not long afterwards was batting beautifully. What was more—and this is the moral of the story—his bride of three hours helped with the tea. True, she omitted to drop any leaves in the urn, and rather than drink boiling water

both sides adjourned to the bar. The match over and won, the happy pair departed for Torquay.

The undergraduate who sat silent in the Parks at Oxford completely oblivious of his companion from Somerville paid for his reverence a week later. The lady to whom at last he spoke—"I say! Trueman's changed. He's now got two short legs"—giggled and sought another escort. The wronged one was sad. "If I'd known she wanted to see Sir Max's drawings in the Ashmolean, I would gladly have taken her." After a pause. "When Hutton was out."







## Young Riders' Contest on the Wolds

THE Cotswold Hunt Pony Club held trials at Sevenhampton, near Cheltenham. Susan Allpress, Peter Jones and Elizabeth Higgins (above) gained a "best performance" award

Brig. C. P. Prescott with Mr. T. Hyatt, who is the owner of the trials course

Jane Kreye, Gay Rodgers and Carole Newbery, three of the competitors



Penelope West, Cdr. M. Burnett, Linda Pelly and Mrs. Peter Pelly



Mrs. A. Toomey was with her daughters Philippa and Caroline Toomey

P. C. Palmer

## At the Races

# THE LOST FIVER

THIS note is not going to be so dull and tiresome as to hark back to what happened in this year's Grand National, as most people have probably forgotten even the name of the winner. The pace we go today is so scorching that it is very difficult to keep upsides, and still more so to make the running! However, as a yarn is always "a yarn for a' that," this one, which is unhappily only too true, may cause a little flutter of merriment to flit across the intensely tiring story of what is going on in, say, Algeria, Cyprus, or any other spot where people are so busy slaughtering one another.

Here we go then! There was once upon a time a hurdle race, in which there was an animal running that was such a stone-cold certainty that those prudent people, the bookies, decided to turn away money. It won with its mouth open, and all looked to be as lovely as flowers in the spring; but some people, notably the Stewards, were tremendously puzzled because the owner of the runner-up had bounced down from his seat in the stands yelling: "Begob we've won! We've won."

It looked at first sight as if this man was either seeing double, or had suddenly gone completely mad. He had not, however, because, when the victorious jockey returned to scale, he could not draw the weight by well over five pounds.

Of course this set people wondering and talking, and wanting to know *why* that man had been so certain that the winner had not won. Further investigations disclosed that something must have happened while the animal was being saddled, possibly a five-pound weight cloth had been mislaid. The Stewards, however, were still dissatisfied, and the upshot was they put the whole boiling of them outside the door. The second horse had been backed heavily, but quite unobtrusively, and so the race was awarded to the third, which I happened to have been riding and which never had a cat's chance. All bets were declared void on the first two and, as the third had not been backed at all, nobody got anything.

So far as steeplechasing is concerned the jumping is virtually over, but I find that in other departments there is as much of it as ever, and that the most ardent patrons are the ladies. Apparently all of them ride astride and a lot of them do it very well. This, of course, is merely going back to the days before the side saddle was invented by Henry II's Queen Katherine de Medici (1519-1589) who produced a thing with pommels. The leaping head or third pommel arrived very much later, and this primitive side saddle cannot have given the ladies a great deal of aid. I do not see how they ever managed to ride over obstacles, but this may not have mattered very much, for fences were few and such things as double oxers did not come into existence until at least two centuries later.

The inventress of the side saddle took two very heavy falls when trying her own invention, and so did her daughter-in-law, Mary Queen of Scots, although her fall had nothing to do with the saddle for she was swept off by the bough of a tree.

—Sabretache



## SPORT IN THE VALE

THE Blackmore Vale branch of the Pony Club held their annual hunter trials at Kingveston, near Somerton, Somerset. Above: Peter Gwynn Jones and Pat Young are seen in action

Photographs by Victor Yorke



Lady Ley, wife of Sir Gerald Ley, Bt., with her daughter Caroline, a successful competitor

Lady McCreery presenting a cup to Miss Guinea Holt with (left) Mrs. Trench, the secretary

The Hon. Mrs. Ruth Bovill, Miss Philippa Holmden, Andrew Leslie and Mrs. Leslie

Rachel Norman pins a rosette on her successful pony

James and Rosamond Buxton and Andrew Wormald watched from a lofty perch







SIR WILLIAM RUSSELL FLINT'S painting in oils of Miss Enid Channele, thirty-two-year-old director of the Maryon Fashion Group, and her dark-haired sister Mavis, is on the line in this year's Royal Academy Summer Exhibition, which opens on May 5. Sir William Russell Flint, R.A., who is President of the Royal Water Colour Society and a Trustee of the Royal Academy, is one of the greatest living painters in water colour

## Roundabout

• Cyril Ray

IT was a job of work that took me to Brussels, but I wondered, sitting at a pavement-café table on the Place de Brouckère, almost dazzled by the gay, beckoning, pleasure-lights of a Brussels evening, and warmed from above—cool though the night air was—by infra-red radiators slung discreetly from the canopy, why on earth one doesn't visit this delicious little city more often, and for fun.

It is nearer by air than Paris and, by the night flight, a little cheaper to get to. And infinitely cheaper to enjoy on a weekend frolic. Paris is famous and alluring enough to look after itself (and to be always a little too full of my fellow-tourists for my liking) but Brussels deserves a little song of praise to its charms.

Oh yes, I know the old saying that to visit Brussels instead of Paris is like taking tea with the sister of the woman you're in love with—but Brussels ought to be loved for its own sake. It is small as capitals go—not a great deal bigger than that other favourite of mine, Copenhagen

—and easy, therefore, to get to know, and to get to know on foot into the bargain; it has art treasures that are highly characteristic—if there is much in Paris that is far beyond the reach of Brussels, nevertheless, Paris has nothing to compare with the unspoiled, almost theatrically beautiful Gothic-cum-Renaissance glory of the Grand Place, or with the collections of Breughel and Hieronymus Bosch; and if your tastes are more frivolous than that (as mine frequently are) let me commend the lively little cabarets off the Boulevard Adolphe Max, where you need only stand at the bar to see the show, saucier than anything at Blackpool, and spend no more than a mere ten shillings, neither fleeced nor pestered.

WHAT appeals to me especially, I must admit, is that Belgium, bounded on its north by a sea-coast teeming with shrimps and lobsters and on its south by the Ardennes, in whose forests snuffle roastable young wild boar, and in whose hills

are buried, for flavour and maturity, the raw smoked hams that rival those of Parma and Westphalia; with French champagnes bubbling on its western frontier, and with German hocks and Luxembourg moselles more sedate but no less eloquent in their brown and green bottles, to the east—Belgium, heir to French cuisine and Flemish appetite, is a holy place of eating and drinking.

THOUGH I have eaten nobly in France in my time, I doubt whether even France as a whole has a higher general standard of cooking than this little country where a smartish restaurant displays its bill of fare under the heading, *Récital de Gastronomie*, and an establishment of the most modest sort counters with, *Notre Menu Formidable*. Which, indeed, it is.

My tooth is far sweeter than it was before I gave up smoking, two years ago on Cup Final Day, and fell victim to the cruel and hypocritical convention that lays it down that while an Englishman

may now walk down Piccadilly smoking a cigarette, he may *not* eat a marzipan bar in public.

So I am always delighted by the chocolate shops of Brussels, whose wares are hand-made, in small quantities, of real cream among other rich and gooey ingredients (so that one is duty-bound, by the strict instructions inside the box, to guzzle them up quickly), some six of which compete with each other for the title of being the best *chocolatier* in a capital where to be a *chocolatier* is to follow one of the noblest of callings, and whose names are uttered with the same awe that a Frenchman will devote to naming the first growths of Bordeaux, and an Englishman to the list of first-class cricketing counties.

ALTHOUGH to an objective outsider, like myself, all are different but none is best, the products of the little firms of Godelaine, of Godiva, of Mary, and of Toison d'Or are discussed and debated not only by plump and pretty women, but by grave old gentlemen with square-cut grey beards and the coloured threads of orders in their buttonholes. They apply the scholarship of a college high table to the crispness of this one's cracknel, the smoothness of another's *praline* or *noisette*, and agree to differ over the exact relation of bitterness to sweet that is most desirable in the *couverture* itself.

And I was told, the moment I arrived in Brussels this time, that there was a chocolate shop with a Greek name, Daskalides, out near the Place Louise—an area of smart shops that is a little distant from the west end proper, as Knightsbridge, say, is from Bond Street—that was coming up into the highest class. This, in Brussels, was news—as it is in Paris when a restaurant achieves its third star from Michelin.

★ ★ ★

I MADE my way on foot, in pursuit of this toothsome discovery, from the lower half of the city to the higher, noticing and lamenting, on the way, that the charming little Mont des Arts, once a pretty urban garden of steps and flowering trees and fountains, has already fallen victim to the current passion here for new building—at a speed dictated by the order that everything must be finished in time for the great Exposition that is to be held in 1958.

The garden, already a waste of rubble, only half hidden by hoardings that advertise such un-English commodities as Tigra cigarettes, Phoenix sewing-machines and a detergent called Pré (how universal is the convention that detergents must be named in monosyllables!) is scheduled as the site of the Exposition's Albertine Library—named, not after the sweet cheat of Proust, but after the soldierly King Albert whose bearing in World War One was so much more overwhelmingly accepted as heroic than that of his son in World War Two.

Curiously enough, I had never before seen at close quarters the vast Palais de Justice, the hideous nineteenth-century



IAN W. JOHNSON, M.B.E., is the captain of the formidable Australian Test team which will be competing against England this year. He has already captained the team in four Tests in the 1954-55 season, and also in the West Indies in 1955. He was awarded the M.B.E. in the New Year's Honours, but has still to receive it from the Queen. Ian Johnson, who comes from Victoria, is an off spinner and a right hand bat, and first played in four matches for the Australian team when they were over in England in 1947

conglomeration of every known style of architecture that crowns the higher half of the city. From in front of it you can look out over the roofs and gables and towers and tiles of the city itself, towards the green hills of the horizon, and there is a fine bronze orientation plate set into the balustrade to help you to pick out and identify the spires and traceries of Gothic churches and of the Hotel de Ville.

I hope my fellow-countryman and two fellow-countrywomen are proud of the immortality they earned so cheaply, who scratched their names (followed, in the case of the married couple, by "London, N.W.11"), deeply and ineradicably on this splendid piece of bronze that is

#### OATSMEAL

The breakfast cereal may appeal  
In the United States  
And even cast its morning spell  
On many British plates;  
With me the flake or crisp or crunch  
So very lowly rates.  
My breakfast call will still remain,  
"My Lord, the porridge waits!"

—Prendergast

dedicated to the glories of a friendly capital. I copied the inscriptions in my note-book, and am tempted to name here these beauty-mauling louts, save that this sort of publicity would probably please them, too. There are no Belgian or other names there—just the three English ones.

NOT far away is a work of art that the visiting Englishman can feel more proud of—the memorial put up by the British people after World War One to honour not only Belgo-British comradeship-in-arms, in witness of which a British and a Belgian soldier, steel helmeted and twice life size, stand three dimensional, side by side, but also as a tribute to the Belgian civilians who helped British wounded and prisoners of war. In bas relief on each side of the bigger figures, a trail of sick and wounded limp across the memorial—among them the dog-drawn little carts that were once so typical of the Belgian scene, guided by women and bearing British wounded. The artistic merits are modest, but the bent women and the patient dogs make this a curiously touching piece of memorial sculpture.

★ ★ ★

IT was in a café in this part of Brussels that I tried the sweet-sour and very strong, local beer, *gueuze*, that once accounted for ninety per cent of the beer consumption of what is the heaviest beer-drinking country in the world. (Belgium drinks twice as much beer per head as Britain, its closest rival.) I found it very nasty, and easily resisted the temptation to try *kriek*, which is the same kind of beer made out of, or flavoured with, cherries. Ugh!

It didn't surprise me in the least that one brand of *gueuze* was—perhaps still is—called *Mort Subite*, "Sudden Death," and that present-day taste has turned overwhelmingly either towards the excellent light lager-type beers brewed locally or, for stronger brews, to the English bottled beer, now being imported—a nice little contribution to our export drive. "Scotch McEwan tiré au tonneau" is one of the odd, bilingual notices one sees now in many a café, and the London firm of Whitbreads bottle in their own Brussels bottling-store the pale ales and stouts that arrive in Belgium in barrels, by landing-craft at Antwerp, and in vast diesel-drawn tankers that cross by way of the Dover-Dunkirk ferry.

BRITISH imports amount, of course, to only a small proportion of the vast amount of beer brewed and swallowed in this country of devoted beer-drinkers, but it is a feat to break into such a market at all. And what began as rather an upper-class and rich businessman's affectation—to drink the more expensive imported brands of bottled beers—has become now a matter of more general taste. It was a Belgian girl who told me that women in Brussels have taken in a big way to what is called here, "stoot"—because of its supposed beneficial effect on what is now the most admired aspect of the female figure. In my day, though, it used to be legs.



## A CAMBRIDGE REUNION

THE Bunbury Club, formed by members of Trinity College, Cambridge, held their annual ball at the Hyde Park Hotel. The Club, which enables past and present Trinity men to keep in touch, has been in existence five years



*Mr. Alastair Maclean, Miss Jane Wenham and Mr. Julian Slade, the composer, who was in the cabaret*



*Mr. and Mrs. Martin Rouse and Mrs. and Mr. Brian Adams*

*Miss Susannah Eaton and Mr. Douglas Kydd*

*Miss J. Vaughan-Hudson and Mr. Eustace Crawley*



*Miss Bridget Malcolm and Mr. Michael Bryan*

*Mr. Martin Warburton and Miss Susan Anderson*



*Miss Marigold Broadhurst, Mr. A. Bailey and Mrs. David Rutland*

*Desmond O'Neill*



## Herts ball for the Red Cross

THE Hertfordshire branch of the Red Cross gave its bi-annual ball at Woodhall Park, Watton-at-Stone, now the home of a preparatory school. Above: Mr. and Mrs. S. Erskin-Murray and Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Holford in the decorative bar



*Mr. John Savory, Miss Felicity Wilson, Mr. Peter Wilson and Miss Ann Smith*



*Mr. John Fitzherbert, Miss Dorinda Percival, General A. E. Percival and Miss Jane Crosland*

*Mrs. T. R. Chattock, Cdr. T. R. Chattock and Mrs. and Mr. F. P. Austin*



*Mrs. F. G. Beilby, a member of the ball committee, and Mr. Hans Jansen*

*Mr. John Wilson, headmaster of Heath Mount School, and Mrs. Wilson*



*Van Hallan*



At the Theatre

# THE ROOTS OF FOLLY

Anthony Cookman

Illustrations by Emmwood



HEROINE AND ADMIRERS: Gaston, secretary to the General (Trader Faulkner), comes under the spell of the engaging Mlle. de Ste-Euverte (Brenda Bruce), heroine of a past romance. Dr. Bonfant (Walter Hudd), an inevitably disappointed husband, looks philosophically at life and advises the General on his amours

AFTER seeing *The Waltz Of The Toreadors* on the private stage of the Arts Theatre the Lord Chamberlain unexpectedly granted a licence for public performance, and a piece which had slightly shocked Paris was promptly put on at the Criterion where it is giving general delight.

This witty and farcically adroit exposure of how a deplorably sensual old man has come to be what he is has some claims to be M. Jean Anouilh's best play; yet much as its theatrical virtues may have impressed authority I fancy that they would hardly have done the trick without Mr. Hugh Griffith. This actor brings to the principal part such magnificent vitality, such gusto for life, that nobody, not even a censor, can possibly worry

whether the old gentleman is useful or moral or ugly or anything else: it is enough that he exists.

You may remember General St Pé as one of the characters in *Ardile*, perhaps the most reprehensible of a most reprehensible lot and certainly the most comic. The jealous cries of his bed-ridden wife are always interrupting the foolish attentions he is paying to indifferent parlour maids, and always he heeds the cries.

M. Anouilh sets out in the present play to explain this old fool. He is a few years younger, but he has reached the time of life when his tunic is covered with medals and he has begun his memoirs. Off his writing-room is his wife's bedroom, and from time to time her querulous voice is heard asking what he is doing. "Thinking, my dear," he tells her with all the patience he can muster, but the answer does not satisfy her.

SHE is jealous of his thoughts; he may be thinking of another woman; and the odds are that this is just what the General is doing. For he still sees himself as the gay young seducer of his subaltern days, and his thoughts turn often to the only woman in that time he loved too well to treat as he used to treat the others. Whenever he thinks of her there sounds in his ears the lilt of the Toreador Waltz to which they danced at the regimental ball long ago. The ghostly melody is a poignant reminder of the kind of man he might be now if he had been free to marry the woman he really loved.

Still it is something of a shock when the lady of his dreams turns up with proof of his wife's infidelity. He is touched by her long constancy, much moved by her propinquity, but the longer he reflects the more clearly it appears that his wife's infidelity makes no difference to his situation. Hardened seducer he may be, but he cannot bring himself to hurt anybody, not even the wife he has come to hate. Is it compunction that makes him hesitate, or has he always lacked the courage for romance? There is a dreadful little scene in which the wife brazenly confesses to many infidelities. Now she is not interested in him at all, but as her husband he belongs to her and she will not let him go. She at any rate has no compunction, and her complete lack of delicacy of feeling drives him at one point almost to the extreme of strangling her.

THIS scene shows the General that it might have been well for him if he had hardened his heart and broken up his marriage years ago; and some scenes of delicious farce bring it home to him that romance will not wait for the hesitant; and so the poor man turns sadly for consolation to the new parlour maid. Mr. Walter Hudd, as the General's coolly cynical confidant, Miss Brenda Bruce, as the romantic lady, and Mr. Trader Faulkner, as the quick learner from the seminary, give Mr. Griffith admirable support.



LIFE PARTNERS: General St Pé (Hugh Griffith), an ageing satyr, still nursing romantic and even matrimonial aspirations, takes action following the coarse revelations of his vitriolic wife (Beatrix Lehmann), of whom he is over anxious to be rid



Houston Rogers

**LESLIE CARON**, the enchanting little French dancer who has made such a great success in American films, including *An American In Paris* with Gene Kelly, and *Lili*, which brought her an Academy Award Nomination, is to make her London début in *Gigi*. This play, based on a novel by Colette, opens at the New Theatre on May 23. With her in the cast of this scintillating and essentially French comedy are Tony Britton, Estelle Winwood, Ena Burrill and Esme Percy. Miss Caron, who was once with the Roland Petit ballet, has now retired from that medium, and intends to divide her time in the future solely between stage and screen





Desmond O'Neill

Mr. A. E. Hill on the Queen's Countryman III, who came fourth in the trials

The winner, Lt.-Col. F. W. C. Weldon,  
on Kilbarry, who made a record score

Mrs. Henry Wynmalen, Capt. M. Naylor-  
Leyland and Mr. Henry Wynmalen





## A Royal audience for the Badminton trials

THE Queen and members of the Royal Family were amongst the many thousands of spectators who saw Lt.-Col. F. W. C. Weldon, Britain's equestrian team captain for the Olympics, which are being held at Stockholm in June, win the three-day Badminton trials on his horse Kilbarry. Above: The Duchess of Beaufort, the Queen, Princess Margaret, the Queen Mother, the Princess Royal and the Duke of Beaufort



*Mr. Alastair Tower and his fiancée,  
Miss Flavia Browning*



*Mrs. Richard Fisher and her sister,  
Miss Lavinia Coryton*



*Miss Zelig Llewellyn, Countess St.  
Aldwyn and Sir Rhys Llewellyn*

*Miss Alexandra Bridgewater, the Hon.  
Lady Becher and Susanah Becher*

*Miss Sally Rear and Mrs. B. Rear  
watching the cross-country course*

*Mr. L. Morgan, who came third in the  
trials, and Mrs. Morgan*







Eric Coop

THE BARONESS INGRID VON HEYDEKAMPF has been presented this year by Frau von Herwarth, the wife of the German Ambassador in London. She is the youngest daughter of Baron Gerd von Heydekampf and the Baroness von Heydekampf, of Heilbronn, Germany. The Baroness has been studying at the Cygnet House, Queens Gate, London, where she has been perfecting her already excellent English and taking commercial art. She is also deeply interested in economics

## Priscilla in Paris

# A SILVER WEDDING AT DREUX

**Q**UITE a few young spring brides have complained that Other Nuptials were stealing their thunder. I suggest, as consolation, that they look forward twenty-five years to the grave but beautiful moment when, if they have stayed the course as I hope they all will have done, the time arrives for them to celebrate their silver wedding!

This somewhat prosy reflection came to me as I passed through Dreux on my way back to Paris after a weekend at a tiny Normandy village enchantingly named la Haute Folie.

It was at Dreux that the comte and comtesse de Paris recently celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage, which took place in 1931 at the cathedral of Palermo. Last week the ceremony was held at the Chapelle Royale de Saint Louis that stands on the hill above the old market town of Dreux and is the burial place of the Princes of the House of Orleans.

Such a young "old-married" couple—both

well under fifty—to have eleven children, of which the eldest, la princesse Isabella, is twenty-four, and the youngest, le prince Thibault, is six. To quote a charming old body who ambled up the hill to make her bob to the happy couple and, unawed by the many royal personages present, who included ex-King Umberto of Italy and Prince Michel of Greece, chuckled gaily as she looked at the young family gathered round: "What a good job you have made of it, *Madame et Monseigneur!*"

May all the spring nuptials—thunder or no thunder—be equally happy.

**A**T the Galerie Paul Amboise the Varnishing Day of Mme. Marie-Magdeleine de Rasky's one-woman show of portraits drew all members of that eclectic, strange and above all famous company known as *le Tout Paris*. Since it is as necessary nowadays to append a title to an exhibition of paintings as it is to give one to a book or a play these portraits come under the heading "*Ames et Visages.*" It will be noticed that souls are given precedence to faces which

is only right . . . and certainly safer. One can hardly argue about the truthful portrayal of a soul that may reasonably be said to depend on the colour of one's spectacles, but to paint Mme. Paul Derval without her diamonds or Juliette Greco with curly hair would lead to endless discussion.

As it is, one wonders what all these charming ladies will have to say to each other when, after the "witching hour of midnight" has struck, they step down from their frames. Will Georgi Boué of the Grand Opera find an affinity with Suzy Solidor of cabaret fame? Will Maurice Chevalier—now back in the States to earn his daily crust—be as shy in paint and canvas as he is in flesh and blood? What will Mme. Poujade have to say to Mrs. Dillon, the Begum Aga Khan to Martine Carol, the princesse de Bourbon to Juliette Greco, and what will some of them find in the way of acidulated greeting for Carmen Tessier, the famous gossip writer who has given away so many little secrets?

**"P**ARTING is such sweet sorrow" . . . that, if I may be allowed to misquote, we indeed said farewell till it was morrow!

She was such a very young girl when, thirty years ago, Paris discovered her in the first "coloured" revue that ever came to Europe. She is still a young woman to the many millions of spectators she has enchanted throughout the years and Paris wept the other evening when she made her adieux. Josephine Baker, to our very real sorrow, is leaving the stage at an age when so many actresses are only beginning to think about playing Juliet.

Since the war, when she did such good work with the Résistance, Josephine has spent every moment she could spare from the profession she loves very dearly, with her husband, Jo Bouillon, and their adopted children at their country home—the château des Mirandes—in the S.W. Department of Dordogne. The two Jos have turned their domain in that very beautiful corner of France into a model estate that practically runs itself, but Josephine has decided that the babies need her more continual presence while they are still so tiny . . . and since Paris loves her what can Paris do but agree?

**T**HE farewell gala was given at the Olympia where Josephine has been appearing. The house was packed from *promenoir* to topmost gallery and President Coty was represented by M. Bordeneuve, Secretary of State to the Beaux Arts. After her last appearance on the stage Marcel Idzkowski, secretary of the Comédie Française, conducted her to a seat in the front row of the stalls where surrounded by her old friends, the spectators, she watched the performance of an amazing programme in which her other old friends, the players, appeared in her honour.

Jacques Charon and Micheline Boudet of the Comédie danced the Charleston, circa 1925. Paul Colin did a lightning sketch of the splendid poster that he designed for her in 1926. Henri Varna brought *les girls* from the Casino and Paul Derval sent his little lot from the Folies. Marina Hotine . . . but it would take too long to mention all the items that prolonged the performance till dawn when George Guetary stood up in the stalls and sang the song that Josephine has made famous and in which we all joined with rather choky voices: "*J'ai deux amours: mon pays et Paris,* indeed many of us were frankly crying when the curtain fell reluctantly for the last time.

## Succès de sagesse . . .

• The reporter: "Do you not regret leaving the stage while you are having such a great success?"  
Josephine: "I do. But I might live to regret not having done so still more!"



## MYSTERY IN MOROCCO

**P**IER ANGELI has a new type of rôle which she portrays brilliantly in *Port Afrique*. Always an actress of unusual power and integrity, she emerges in this film as a fascinating dancer and a singer of exceptional quality. The story, set against the troubled background of war-time Morocco, has a handsome newcomer, Phil Carey, as the co-star, with Dennis Price and several noted feature players in the long and distinguished cast. The film is in Technicolor and opens at the Odeon, Marble Arch, on May 9



# UP, THE MAYPOLE!

• SYDNEY CARTER •

THAT Stinking Idol (as Stubbes, the Puritan, once called the Maypole) is in the news again. A Surrey parish council has insisted that the May Queen, this year, shall not be chosen for her looks alone: she must be the product of a Sunday School. No wonder the old idol isn't what he used to be. Only the faintest whiff of brimstone hangs about him now. To smell it, you must go to Padstow, in the pagan west; for not even at Helston, in spite of its sulphuric name, is May welcomed in so diabolical a fashion. The Helston Floral Dance of May 8 is a mild affair beside the capers of the Padstow 'Oss.

The Padstow 'Oss is not an ordinary hobby horse, dug up by a local antiquarian, kept alive by artificial respiration, and regarded with embarrassment by the aboriginals. The 'Oss is a private Padstow Totem, with a private tune; and the almost African excitement built up in this Cornish port on May 1 by the dancing and the drumming must be experienced to be believed. The last time I was there I saw a Negro U.S. sailor whose eyes were popping from his head with incredulity.

CELEBRATIONS really start the day before. Flags, greenery and flowers are already up; in pubs, the locals are already practising the Night Song, banging with their hands upon the table for a drum. The tune is an old one: deceptively simple, yet capable of sustaining vitality a whole day long. Midnight strikes and out go the Mayers—a straggling, faithful, predominantly youthful band—to sing the Night Song underneath the windows of those chosen to be honoured in this way:

*Rise up, Mr.— we wish you well and fine,  
For summer is a come in today:  
You've a shilling in your pocket and I wish it were in mine,  
In the merry morning of May!*

*Rise up, Mrs.—, all in your gown of green,  
For summer is a come in today:  
You're as fair a lady as waits upon the Queen  
In the merry morning of May!*

And so on; and so, at one or two'clock, to bed, for tomorrow is a busy day. It starts officially at about eleven, when the Old 'Oss himself emerges from the yard of the Red Lion. The 'Oss consists of a hoop six feet across, covered with a shiny black tarpaulin which hangs down like a skirt or table-cloth. Through the middle of the table, as it were, projects a head with a Ku-Klux-Klan-like hood and the sort of mask you might encounter in the Congo.

On the outer rim of this dancing drum is a minute model of a horse's head. Inside is a man, leaping, swooping, and stepping it like mad. Every now and then he swerves towards a woman in the crowd and drags her underneath the shiny apron. In the good old days, he used to black her; whatever he does today is still supposed to bring her Good Luck in the coming year. What kind, seems to be well understood.

IN front of the 'Oss prances another character known as the Teaser: he encourages the 'Oss to ever greater efforts. And all the while the drumming and the Night Song continue. Suddenly, the 'Oss begins to droop; he sinks, and dies. The Teaser and the crowd try to revive him: they change to the Day Song—a sad, nostalgic melody, with words which might have been composed by Beachcomber:

*Oh where is King George, oh where is he, oh?  
He's down in his long boat, all on the salt sea oh.  
Up flies the kite, and down falls the lark.  
There was an old woman, she had an old ewe,  
But she died in her own park, oh.*

Up leaps the 'Oss: the drums begin to beat, and off we go again. Death and re-birth, all day long; and not for one 'Oss alone. Beside the Red Lion 'Oss there is (or was the year I went) the Blue Ribbon Horse—a more temperate monster, but equally active, who collected money for charity; and innumerable little 'Osses, worked by children, drumming on an old tin can.

Somewhere, I suppose, there was a May Queen; but I never noticed her. There were two Maypoles: one tall and traditional, with a May Garland hoisted to the top; the other small, with little girls dancing prettily around it with an anxious teacher looking on and mothers saying "Ah! the little loves. . . ." But what I remember, and I think you will remember, and Stubbes would certainly remember, is the 'Oss.

There's a Horse at Minchhead, I am told, shaped like a boat; at Helston there's the Floral Dance; but outside the West Country there isn't much of May Day left. And it must be a comfort to Stubbes's steeple-hatted ghost (I speak metaphorically—steeple hats were not in vogue in 1583, when he wrote his bit about the Stinking Idol) it must be a comfort to know that in Surrey no such wickedness will be encouraged.



"The almost African excitement built up in this Cornish port on May 1 . . . must be seen to be believed" (With the artist's apologies to the Padstow 'Oss.)



## Future Tennis Champions Compete at Swanage

THERE was a large entry for the Dorset County Junior tennis trials and some very promising talent was discovered during the course of the tournament. Above: The young players setting out gaily for their various matches



*Ruth Herbert, Caroline Wear, Nicholas Meyer, Michael Meyer and Nigel Spink*



*Miss Rosemary Barham and Miss Carolyn Sharp had finished a match*



*Jane Pullen, Alex Stevens and Timothy Dean were discussing the day's play*

*Diana Mackenzie, Scarlett Sturdee, Jennifer Sharp, Rosemary Hayter and Rosalind Sanders*

*Michael Dunk, Ian Scott, Mary Dallas and Susan Sharp on their way to play off a mixed double*







## SPRING LYRICS

THE poetry of the couturier can be no less moving than that of the accredited bard, and in these examples he (and she) takes plain materials and turns them into the tailored delight of the defined silhouette—as the keenness of the season's air contains the new-found fluency of branch and bud. On the left is Atrima's two-toned light beige svelte Empire lined cotton tweed dress, the tailored neckline outlined white. The charming boater is by Otto Lucas. At Debenham and Freebody's budget shop, approx. 10½ gns.



CREAMY bouclé tweed semi-  
cigan suit (above) outlined with  
chroom brown. By Mary Black,  
aocha, Grafton Street, approxi-  
ly 22½ gns. Hat by Otto Lucas

by

sobel Vicomtesse  
d'Orthez

*Fashion Editress*

*Photographs by Michel Molinare*

RIGHT, first a fitted cape suit in  
petrol blue fine wool, piped white,  
by Simon Massey at Cresta.  
Approximately 23½ gns. Hat by  
Otto Lucas. Then a soft-tailored  
suit in steel-grey with slim lines,  
that can be worn anywhere. Also by  
Simon Massey. About 19½ gns. The  
dipping flowerpot cloche by Vernier







LEFT, above, is Simon Massey's medium blue pure silk dress and tailored jacket. The pockets of the short jacket are outlined with bows. Hat by Vernier at Rocha. Dress approx. 29 gns. Next to it is Paul Jonas's green sun-ray pleated dress with a crossover bodice—the white straw cartwheel hat is by Connor

## THE NEWEST PRINTS BLOSSOM

RIGHT, a two-toned grey pure silk sheath with a drawstring rounded neckline, from Rima. This dress has a short fitted bolero to match. Dress approx. 29 gns., bolero 14 gns., from Rocha of Grafton St. The black hat is by Vernier







HERE indeed are dresses created for the hour of the serenade, romantic affirmations against the everyday, the humdrum and the sewn-by-rote. The sophisticated crispness of a smoky blue taffeta coat (left) with the elegance of wide gathered sleeves and pleated hemline; worn over a matching blue lace sheath dress mounted on white, by Rima. Large Baku straw hat faced with spotted veiling from Otto Lucas. Both from Harvey Nichols, coat 55 gns., dress 37 gns. Below, left, a white silk grosgrain sheath evening dress embroidered with radiant lime teamed with a long matching stole lined satin, by Mary Black. Beside it her coffee lace evening dress with a wide back flare of organza—freshness put to new uses for the younger generation. Right, Susan Small's daffodil flare free nylon tulle dress, its wide billowing skirt accentuated at the waist by a deep cummerbund in water taffeta and a mimosa bouquet



# “ . . . SOME EVENING MUSIC TO HER ”

— *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*







## SLEIGHT OF HAND

THIS smoky blue paper taffeta dress, with a wide cowl neckline, is suitable for either cocktail times, garden parties or evening wear. The change is effected by different hats, by black accessories for garden parties and (for evening) by pulling down the wide neckline well over the shoulders, and dressing up to it with long white gloves, sparkling jewellery and the soft, off-blond fox fur. The fur (left) is 125 gns., the dress 38½ gns., the pale lime organza hat with pale lime and blue flowers of organza (above) 18 gns. The picture hat worn on the right is in pink straw, swathed with pink spotted net, at 20 gns. The jewellery (left) is of paste and sapphire stones—the bangle, 6 gns, and the ear-rings, 4½ gns.—while that flowered sunshade with the garden party touch is made in nylon, lined with white nylon, and has an enamel stick, £4 17s. 6d. All from Debenham and Freebody.

CHOICE FOR THE WEEK

Photographs by  
John French



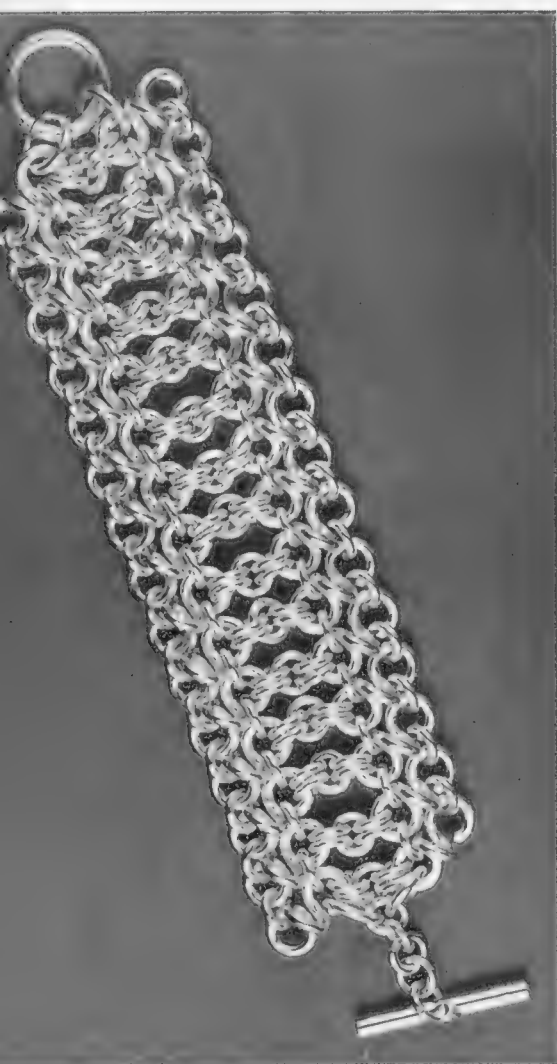




Among Jacqmar's most recent introductions is this charming emerald wool embroidered stole for evening wear, price £7 7s.

## *Adding the last touch of distinction*

*THESE elegant accessories are just right for adding an extra touch of smartness to those new clothes which we have bought specially for the social highlights of the summer season and all its varied occasions — JEAN CLELAND*



Above: Attractive cummerbund in fawn suède and other colours price £3 5s., or black suède with gilt studs £2 7s. 6d. They may be had from Woollands



Left: A new type of "cuffed" gilt chain bracelet £6 6s., from Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street



Above: Italian black calf handbag with convenient and easy-to-get-at top purse. £29 8s. from Woollands, Knightsbridge

Below: French suède bag of superb quality £16. Black stitched gloves £1, Finnigans. Peach baroque choker £1 1s. Woollands



Above: For spring, summer, autumn or winter wear, this beautiful "all round the year" scarf, price £5 5s. It comes from Jacqmar

Below: Suède pochette £4 9s. 6d., matching gloves £2 18s., gilt necklace £2 15s. and rolled gold earrings £2 15s. Woollands







**Lady Mary Cecilia Leveson-Gower**, who is the only daughter of the late Vice-Admiral Earl Granville and of Countess Granville, of Pearsie, Kirriemuir, Angus, and sister of the present Earl, is to marry Mr. Samuel Wittewronge Clayton, son of the late Brig.-Gen. Sir Gilbert Clayton and of Lady Clayton, of Hampton Court Palace

## THEY ARE ENGAGED



**Miss Mercedes Shaw**, only daughter of the late Lt.-Col. Frederick E. Shaw, O.B.E., and of Mrs. Shaw, of Tedworth Square, S.W.3, has recently announced her engagement to Capt. Miles Hudson, 12th Royal Lancers, son of Brig. C. E. Hudson, V.C., C.B., D.S.O., and Mrs. Hudson, of Denbury Manor, Newton Abbot, Devon



**Miss Jennifer-Ann Prestwich**, younger daughter of Mr. A. S. Prestwich, of Oakwood, London, N.14, and Mrs. Prestwich, of Withdean, Brighton, has announced her engagement to Mr. Michael Boyd-Carpenter, only son of Mrs. L. M. Boyd-Carpenter, of Gretton, near Winchcombe, Gloucestershire



**Miss Janet Sarah Wellington**, daughter of Mr. R. E. L. Wellington, C.B.E., of Harley Street, W.1, and Mrs. Wellington, of Pitchcombe, Stroud, is engaged to Mr. Leslie Richard Dent, youngest son of Lt.-Col. J. R. C. Dent, D.S.O., M.C., and Mrs. Dent, of Painswick, Gloucestershire



**Miss Dorothy Ursula Northam**, elder daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. C. G. Northam, of Kelsterton Hall, Flint, North Wales, is to marry Mr. Patrick George Talbot Whitehead, younger son of Vice-Admiral and Mrs. F. A. Whitehead, of Ashburnham, South Queensferry, W. Lothian

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Regd.

From Roeliff and Chapman  
— a summer dress and coat  
in tailoring 'Taiho'  
made from  
Courtaulds' acetate.



## Motoring

Oliver Stewart



THE 1956 LANDROVER with its detachable fitted hardtop, an attractive new feature which enables travelling to be done in perfect comfort

# CAR STYLE ECHOES THE RACING LINE

SOME like to think that motor-car development is the resultant of the forces of engineering progress and of transport utility. They will not allow that fashion has any appreciable influence except in minor external details. After examining the whole subject I have come to the conclusion, an obvious and utterly boring conclusion, that motor-car development owes something to all of these things.

Engineering is dominant in the Grand Prix car. Every part is intended to give the largest return for the least expenditure of effort. All the latest means are used of raising the engine power without increasing its weight and without spoiling the torque curve.

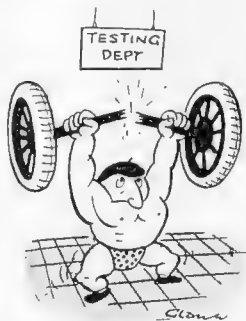
The body must be light in weight and low in drag. Not a thought is given to fashion or to what looks nice.

Yet it is indisputable that Grand Prix cars exert a powerful influence upon the styling of ordinary saloon cars. It is only necessary to go through a set of photographs of frontal aspects to see how the saloon echoes the line of the racing machine.

In addition to the frontal changes, there have been the changes in height, and especially in apparent height. As racing cars have been squashed more and more down on to the road surface, so saloons have lost height and gained

width. By looking at the Grand Prix car of today you will obtain a trustworthy forecast of the saloon car of tomorrow.

It may here be objected that American cars have no sort of resemblance to racing cars. But I am not suggesting that the ordinary car is a scaled up racing car—it could not possibly be that. I am suggesting that the racing car's general appearance influences the general appearance of the ordinary car. If that be granted, then it can be said that motor-cars do follow fashions; but that the fashions are created by the compulsions of engineering.



A MANUFACTURER rash enough to introduce some novel note in the appearance of his car simply because he believes that it will attract the eye, is usually making a mistake. The model motor-car is, and will probably remain, the racing motor-car, its lines the logical result of hard struggle on track and road circuit, its components squeezing the last milligram of strength out of highly developed materials.

Seasonal increases in traffic are thrusting themselves upon the notice of all who use main roads. And the ratio of practised and experienced drivers to novices now goes down. Consequently I would like to advocate a rather more lavish use of the horn. In England we tend to pride

ourselves on our restraint in giving "audible warning of approach." We think that it is meritorious to leave the horn button alone.

Yet if you take your car to the official testing station the effectiveness of the horn will be one of the first points examined. And the use of the horn can help to prevent accidents. On the approach to blind corners, for instance, the unseen lunatic who is coming towards you at speed on the wrong side of the road may, if the horn is sounded, be induced to believe that he is not the only road user and may have time to move over to his correct side.

When overtaking in places where there is little other traffic, sounding of the horn is an added safeguard although it will probably annoy the driver being overtaken.

IF the car being overtaken is moving slowly the sounding of the horn is especially desirable because the slower a vehicle goes, the greater its power of manoeuvre. A car doing seventy-five miles an hour cannot suddenly turn across the road; whereas a car doing twenty can. Manoeuvrability goes up as speed goes down. The "death dive" favoured by so many cyclists, in which the machine is caused to swoop across the path of the oncoming car without the slightest warning, is one example of this. So ignore the black looks of other drivers and, when you think it can be of real use, do not hesitate to sound the horn.

## Motor yachtsmen dined at Bournemouth to open their season

Dr. P. J. Cremin, Mrs. Cremin, and Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Fox. The event was held at the Branksome Towers Hotel



Mr. Donald Campbell receives the world's water speed record cup from Cdr. W. L. Stephenson of the R.M.Y.C.



Cdr. John Kitson (Poole Yacht Club), Mrs. Teddy Hickman, Mrs. J. Kitson, and Vice-Cdr. R. Y. Hickman





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# ROVER 60

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## Book Reviews

Elizabeth Bowen

## THE NIECE OF BONAPARTE

**I**N PRINCESS MATHILDE by Marguerite Castillon du Perron (Heinemann, 30s.) we have what is ideal for a biography—the right subject, found by the right author. Here is the story of someone who, in effect, was the first lady of the Second Empire, told by a brilliant young daughter of modern France. This biography, now reaching us in translation, appeared in its own country some years ago: it was written when Mme. Castillon du Perron was between the ages of twenty-two and twenty-six—that she should have been able to comprehend the entire life-span of a woman who died at eighty-four seems to me a miracle of imagination. Allied with this, the book has a tremendous factual solidity; it is the outcome of a research no less meticulous than it was loving.

There were few spheres in which Princess Mathilde did not operate. She was a character on the major scale; even her indiscretions, due to the heart, had a touch of nobility. Her proportions were Junoesque, her outlook was royal. English blood, on one side of the family, mingled in her with a violent Corsican strain—she was a niece (one might say, *the* niece) of Napoleon Bonaparte.

Mathilde's first blossoming began in the ambience of her aunt-by-marriage, Hortense (née de Beauharnais) wife of Louis Bonaparte. And Mathilde's first engagement, in her late teens, was to this couple's son—the Louis Napoleon who was to become Napoleon III, Emperor of France.

This is one of the most famous of the marriages which do not take place. Had it been Mathilde, not the Spanish Eugénie, who found herself Empress of France, who can say how different might not have been the course of history? Mathilde was a woman born to reign, and reign she did, though in other manners.

**A**s it was, the engagement was broken off (for reasons ably presented by her biographers) and at twenty Mathilde married Prince Anatol Demidoff—to be summarized as an attractive cad. It was on the break-up of this marriage, when she ensconced herself in the city of her dreams, Paris, that her great days began.

Princess Mathilde played two very important parts. First came that of confidante and adviser to her cousin and ex-fiancé, Louis Napoleon, when his seizing of power, after the 1848 revolution, reinstated the Bonapartes in glory. Not a vestige of the former romance remained, but she built him up, as only loyalty can. Equally, she was convinced that his marriage ruined him—from what had become a distance, she was to watch the rise, then fall, of the Emperor Napoleon III. Court life, with Eugénie as its centre, having become distasteful, Mathilde adopted her second rôle—that of *salonnière*. Her beautiful Paris house and her country château were the scenes of brilliant parties; around her gathered a memorable circle. France, in the time of the second Empire, flowered out into a literature which is still supreme. Flaubert, Gautier, Renan, the Goncourt brothers, Sainte-Beuve and the two

Dumas were chief among Princess Mathilde's intimate friends.

She was called upon to live through what perhaps is the greatest tragic human ordeal: the collapse of all that one holds by and holds dear. The fall of the Second Empire, the defeat of France in the Franco-Prussian war smote her as nothing else could. Thereafter, there seemed to be nothing left but the second best. *How* she braved this out should be an example to any of us for whom times change, for the worse.

I have only two quarrels with this book. Portraits of the great French characters concerned could have added to interest for English readers. And the translation is uninspired—too many English sentences have been distorted into the Gallic form.

★ ★ ★

**THE PARADISE GARDEN**, by Michael Swan (Hamish Hamilton, 10s. 6d.) is a short, highly distinguished, perceptive novel. The scene is Florence, the subject, flight from disagreeable reality into a private world. We deal, too, with the slight sense of ghostliness which affects expatriates—not least, the well-to-do, civilized British and semi-British colony in the fair city or on its surrounding hills. "We all lose something in the end," says Hugo, the middle-aged Englishman, to Anna, announcing to him a marriage which is to bind her to Italy henceforward.

Yet Anna, the English girl unhappy at home—what has *she* to lose? Simone, the love he offers her, their joint joy and belief in art and beauty, seem for Anna to be the longed-for solution. Alas, Simone is himself, as it proves, a casualty: half-

Italian, half-British, he has spent the war in hiding, and still cannot shake off a demoralizing fear. Weakness has brought him under the influence of a possessive and sinister man friend, Marcus—who sets out, from the outset, to wreck the marriage. Angelica, a sensual, reckless but in her own way honest American young woman, lends herself but too conveniently to the Marcus game.

Mr. Swan (hitherto known as author of the Mexican travel book, *Temples Of The Sun And Moon*) writes so well, and with such a touch of truth, that one is hardly aware that he "writes" at all.

★ ★ ★

**BEAUTY BELONGS TO YOU**, by Jean BGrey (Mills and Boon, 15s.) is a rational and engaging book of advice on the subject which its title suggests. Its message is, that it lies in every woman's power (and is, indeed, her duty) to claim her birthright. Miss Grey lays stress on the individual, in her chapters on make-up and hairdressing, and she shows how upkeep (that is, of the person) involves intelligence, rather than hours of time. Her remarks on carriage and posture—once, I think, called deportment—are valuable; so are her reminders that spectacles, once a bugbear, *can* be flattering, if imaginatively chosen and well worn. Clear diagrams, and a number of photographs, illustrate the book.



"THE LITTLE ELEPHANT" (Hamish Hamilton, 10s. 6d.) is the final work of Ylla, the famous animal photographer, completed shortly before she died in India. The photographs of brilliant detail and expression, three of which are seen here, are accompanied by a delightful text by Arthur Gregor, telling the story of the baby elephant Japu and his parents





# Beauty

by

## Jean Cleland



## Maytime "musts"

**W**HAT more appropriate to the merry, merry month of May than an exciting collection of new beauty preparations, to add sparkle to the looks, and help us to face the sunny days.

Good news for those who worry about the very prevalent problem of unwanted hair—which shows up so much more when the sun shines—is of Helena Rubinstein's latest product called "Nudit." This is a safe double-action depilatory that removes facial hair in a matter of minutes, and with the greatest of ease. By means of creamy Super Finish, it not only leaves the skin smooth and velvety, but protects it from redness and any irritating discomfort. It also *weakens the roots* at the same time. The directions which are given with the cream are quite simple, and all you have to do is to follow them closely, and proceed accordingly. "Nudit" with Super Finish costs 12s. 6d., and makes short work of a "superfluous" worry.

Ever since Cutex varnishes and other nail preparations were introduced to this country by Mr. J. C. Gambles, thirty-five

From Pierre Regnier at Fortnum and Mason come these two styles. (Above) The hair is softly brushed back from the face and turns gently under at the back. (Below) The hair is parted in the centre and drawn smoothly back from the face



years ago, they have enjoyed immense popularity. Many people who use them regularly have wished that there could be matching lipsticks to go with them. Now, at last, that wish has been granted. From the beginning of May, Cutex Stay-fast Lipsticks, in eight fashion shades, will be on sale throughout the country. These shades, which have been created to harmonize with different nail colours, include two that are absolutely new. "Pink T.N.T." and "Soft Coral," both of which go beautifully with the latest shades in dress. The lipsticks are soft and creamy in texture, and are wonderful value at the price of 3s. each.

**A**LTHOUGH the majority of women use make-up today, there are still some who hesitate to do so for fear of looking what they call "made-up" and artificial. Revlon has catered for them with a new "Touch-and-Glow" liquid make-up base, which gives such a delicate film to the complexion that it looks absolutely natural. Made with Lanolite, it softens and conditions the skin, while keeping it smooth and matt. An outstanding feature of "Touch-and-Glow" is that it doesn't streak or cake, and is extremely easy to apply. Older people and young girls, who want the sort of make-up that is not noticeable, yet holds the powder and gives a nice finish, will welcome this attractive new preparation, which can be had in a variety of subtle shades.

Something else which will specially appeal to the young is Richard Hudnut's new touch-up perm called "End Curl." At a party given to launch this product, I saw various models whose hair had been treated with it most effectively. Primarily designed to deal with the little odd ends that become straggly and wispy between perms, "End Curl" is made in one strength suitable for all types of hair. It has a new waving lotion with no "after-perm" smell, and one bottle (clearly marked with a midway line) is sufficient for two touch-up perms, using up to fifteen curlers each time. It is 5s. 9d. a bottle.

**M**ORE hair news is of the Fortnum and Mason hairdressing salon which recently opened, and which is being directed by Pierre Regnier, who has come straight from Paris to lead a skilled team of hairdressers. There is a resident trichologist to advise on, and treat, all hair problems, and if desired meals and refreshments can be selected from the restaurant menu and served in the salon. Those who have a full day in London, and are pressed for time, will find this a great convenience.

Another arrangement which should prove a boon to young girls who are in jobs, or training for careers, is the "Late Nights" service instituted by Charles of the Ritz, to help those who are tied up during the day. Twice a week the salon at No. 3 Hill Street, Berkeley Square, stays open until 9 o'clock. Treatments range from 5s. 6d. upwards, and you can have anything from a quick "Facial Cocktail" that does wonders for your looks in less than an hour, to a full treatment, which takes three hours. Just make an appointment for after work, and then go along and get "prettied up" for the evening.



# THEY WERE MARRIED



F. Zivaneh

**Swoffer—Byford.** F./O. Patrick de Courcey Swoffer, R.A.F., son of the late W./Cdr. and Mrs. F. A. Swoffer, married Miss Sheila Byford, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. Byford, of Kensington, at St. Michael's, Chester Square



**Galbraith—du Roy de Blicquy.** The Hon. Thomas Galloway Dunlop Galbraith, M.P., eldest son of Lord and Lady Strathclyde, of Barskimming, Ayrshire, married Mlle. Simone du Roy de Blicquy, daughter of the late Jean du Roy de Blicquy, and Mme. du Roy de Blicquy, of d'Hautmont, Brabant, at Stair Church, Ayrshire



**Montgomery—Reid.** Mr. David Montgomery, only son of the late Lt.-Col. H. K. Purvis-Russell-Montgomery, and of Mrs. Purvis-Russell-Montgomery, of Kinross House, Kinross, married Miss Delia Reid, only daughter of Vice-Admiral and Mrs. J. P. L. Reid, of Letham House, Haddington, East Lothian, at the Cathedral of St. Mary, Edinburgh

(Right)  
**Wootton—Kaye.** Capt. Tony Peter Wootton, 16th/5th The Queen's Royal Lancers, only son of Capt. and Mrs. W. T. Wootton, of Thornhill, Holt, Wimborne, Dorset, married Miss Moira Priscilla Coote Kaye, only daughter of Major and Mrs. R. L. D. Kaye, of Queniborough Old Hall, Leicestershire, at St. James's, Piccadilly



**Pettit—FitzGerald.** Mr. Kenneth Pettit, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Pettit, of Avenue de Terrugren, Brussels, married Miss Georgina FitzGerald, daughter of Col. Sidney FitzGerald, of Chelsea Square, S.W.3, and of Mrs. Arthur Wiggins, of Portland House, Bembridge, Isle of Wight, at St. James's, Spanish Place

**Astley-Birtwistle—Beveridge.** Mr. Edmund Frederick Astley-Birtwistle, son of Mr. James Astley Birtwistle, of Hoghton, Lancs, and Mrs. Astley Birtwistle, of Churt, Surrey, married Miss Patricia Beveridge, only daughter of the late Capt. Victor Beveridge, and of the Contessa Cerrini Beveridge, of de Vere Gardens, W.8, at St. James's Church, Spanish Place



Fayer

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# SMOKE SHOWS THE WAY THE WIND BLOWS

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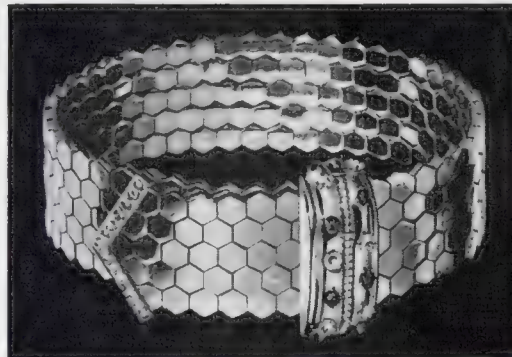
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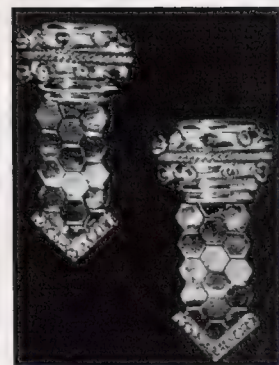


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Delia Dudgeon

ERNEST has been restaurant manager at Claridge's since 1949. He first came to England from Italy in 1910, and was for more than twenty years at the Savoy Grill. The young people of today, he says, are more food-conscious than the pre-war younger generation

## DINING OUT

# Good companion

I HAVE just finished an excellent, entertaining and unusual book—*Good Appetite My Companion*—by author and artist, Victor MacClure (Odhams Press, 15s.). Of himself he says: "Being somewhat lustier than a Gourmet I prefer to think of myself as a Gourmand."

The French word "gourmand" does not express the same amount of indulgence as the corresponding word in English, which is "glutton," and although a gourmand MacClure may be, a gourmet he is without a doubt, albeit a eupeptic one, a word he uses in dedicating his book to Alec Nash, and which means, according to my dictionary, "having good digestion."

These reminiscences of some fifty years of good living give one a vast amount of information about many unusual foods, and the book is filled with hundreds of recipes, at one moment gathered from the kitchen of his parents' home in Reidhaven Street, Elgin, where his mother would be preparing anything from Aberdeen crullars, Scotch baps, boiled beef, in the manner of a master, and then in no time you are discovering how to prepare *Confit d'Oie* (preserved goose) according to the method practised by the inhabitants of Périgord. There are also some originals such as *Paté de la Maison MacClure très Bourgeoise*.

A PART from the author's gastronomic adventures there are anecdotes galore and a large and varied mass of personalities pass through the book; actors, musicians, writers, poets, critics, sailors, famous chefs and restaurateurs; in fact, the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker, many of them fellow members of the Savage Club, of whom he writes: "Brother Savages, than whom I know none so capable of getting all possible fun out of their own company"—and this I know to be a great truth.

At one moment you find yourself at the Caprice in London and the next at the Café Anglais in Paris; you move from the Gran Hotel Espana in Valencia via the Villa D'Este in Como to the R.A.C. in Pall Mall.

Apart from good eating, drinking is not neglected; over seventy different wines take their place as companions to the food at intervals throughout the book, of some of which I will wager you have never heard.

Not only can Victor MacClure eat, drink and be merry and write about it, but being an artist illustrates his own book with drawings. A book which having read you should keep by your bed. It is an escape route from the humdrum and the cares of the present day.

No doubt it will find its way into the library and reading room of the Scottish Hotel School at Ross Hall, Crookston, near Glasgow.

This has been established by the Scottish College of Commerce because Scotland is growing more and more important as a tourist centre, especially to visitors from America, so many of whom have the blood of Victor MacClure's native land coursing through their veins. For them, first-class hotel accommodation with first-class service and cuisine is essential.

The prospectus of the school points out that "the time is past when enterprise and success in this matter can be left to the mercy of hazardous practical experience alone." They also point out that: "Hotel careers offer varied and valuable opportunities for intelligent and well-educated men and women with initiative and vision; and in the postwar world the training for such careers must inevitably be accompanied by high recompense and increased prestige." The course of instruction extends over two years and during the summer at the close of each of the school sessions, all students are required to undergo practical training in hotels approved by the school.

Details of the fees payable for the two-year course are as follows: Course Fee, £90; Residential Fee (where applicable), £240; Examination Fee, £1; Students Union Fee, £1 1s.; Matriculation Fee, 5s.; Total £332 6s. Course Fee for foreign students, £120. The residential fee of £240 includes laundry charges, other than students' personal laundry.

During March members of the 1956 Editorial Tour had lunch prepared by the students at the school and some of them reported that it was the best meal they had in Scotland during the tour.

As one of the editors wrote: "This school is doing a fine job in adding to the sum of human amenities." Long may it prosper.

—I. Bickerstaff

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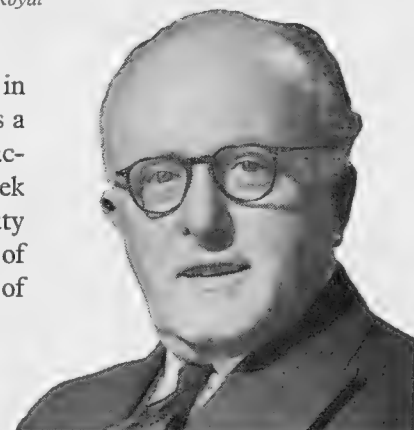
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## DINING IN

# Norman conquest

IF I were asked what makes the cooking of Normandy memorable, I would certainly reply that it is the generous use of cream and wonderful butter, plus, of course, cider and Calvados. And the cream and butter are of such magnificent flavour that one really feels that there is none to compare with them. I do wish that our creamery people would make more unsalted butter. It becomes increasingly difficult to buy it. We should be able to get it at any milk shop—but we cannot.

Except for Calvados, the Normans have no more than we have. Their fish is not better than ours. We have beef of superb quality and our best chickens, let us hope, are as good as theirs, but we do not evolve anything like the same wonderful dishes. Perhaps it is because so many of their chicken and veal dishes are finished with sauce, whereas we like ours unsauced.

They have their Calvados, but we have Madeira, Marsala and sherry, three great allies of cream, not generally found in the French home.

I have a standing order for a pint of double cream each week which, if I wish, keeps in my refrigerator for the full week. Having it, however, I am persuaded, as it were, to use it—not always in great dollops but very often, very sparingly.

It is an everlasting surprise to me what just a spoonful of cream will do for a simple potato, tomato or watercress soup, or for whipped boiled potatoes, or added, at the last minute, to creamed rice which, in itself, is a delicious sweet. Any purée soup from a tin or packet immediately takes on a good-cook home-made taste when a spoonful or so of cream goes into it. And if, when you grill turbot, you combine a little cream and a nice piece of butter with the essence which exudes from the fish, you have all the sauce that it requires.

When there is enough of that pint left over, just before the next arrives, I make *Poulet à la Crème* this way: Disjoint and skin a spring chicken (3 to 3½ lb.) and gently fry the pieces in butter, without colouring them. Transfer to a casserole and season to taste. Sometimes I add tiny unpeeled button mushrooms, first very lightly cooked in butter, a few drops of lemon juice and for ½ lb., 2 to 3 tablespoons boiling water. The mushrooms are covered tightly and boiled for a minute while being well shaken to make sure that the lemon juice gets at them to keep them white.

Or, when they are available, I add strips of red or yellow sweet peppers, first quickly grilled so that the skins come off easily. At other times I place sliced artichoke bottoms with the chicken. Then, over all, I pour a good teacup or more of double cream, cover the casserole and leave the chicken to cook slowly for 25 to 30 minutes at 375 deg. F., or gas mark 4. The bird is beautifully tender and of an exquisite flavour. The addition of a small spoonful of dry sherry or Madeira is not amiss.

WITH this dish, Risotto is ideal. Make it with 4 to 5 oz. Vialone rice (1s. 6d. a pound from Italian grocers) and the stock from the giblets, chicken skin and unwanted bones, an onion, a carrot and a *bouquet garni*. The appearance of the chicken on the plate is greatly improved if the Risotto is tinged with a little saffron and is even more attractive with, in addition, peas, cut green beans or leaf spinach.

It would appear that my colleague, I. Bickerstaff, recently got himself into hot water over boiled eggs! In his defence, I would say that the trouble is our language. We speak of "boiled fish," "boiled meat" and "boiled chicken"

when, all the time, we mean "poached." But "poached," as applied to a "boiled" egg, would be confusing. "Coddled" is the better term. This means that the egg is covered with boiling water and left, without further boiling, for 5 to 6 minutes.

But I say this: If you take your eggs direct from the refrigerator (where I keep mine) and at once cover them with boiling water, it is altogether likely that the shells will burst. I suggest, then, that such eggs be placed in cold water and brought just to the boil, when they are usually ready for those who like them soft. Or they can be removed from the heat at that point, then left to rest long enough to set them further.



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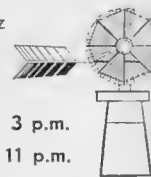
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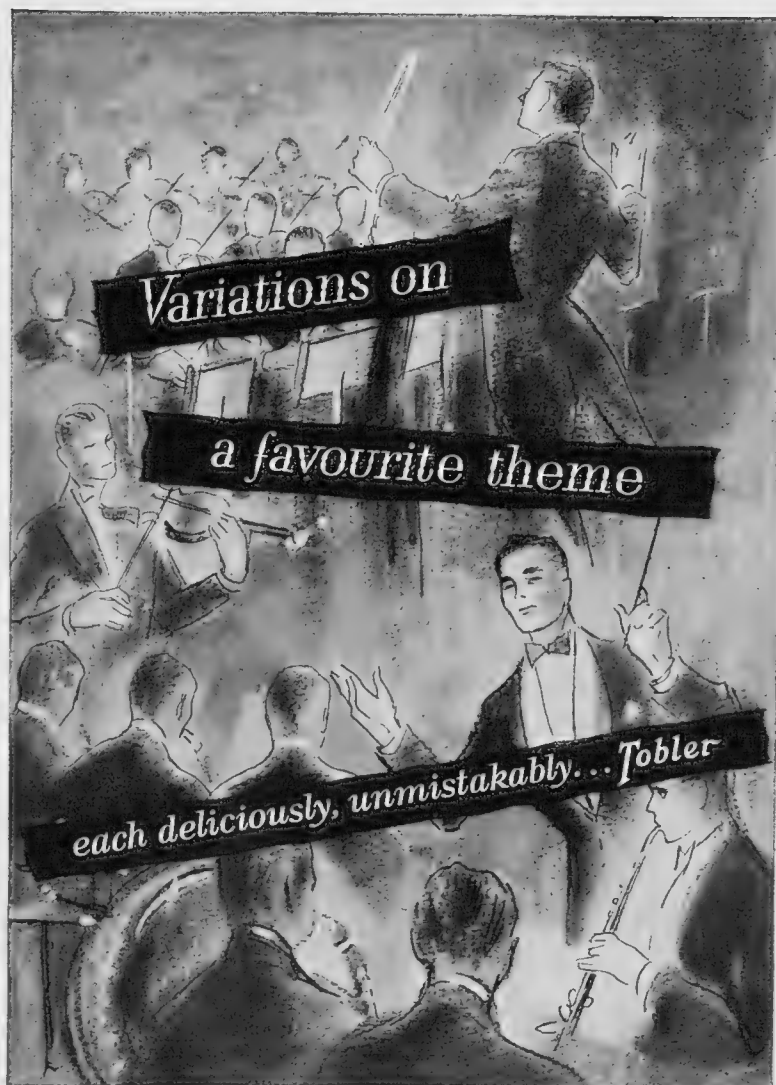
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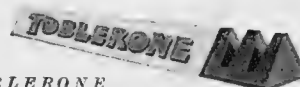


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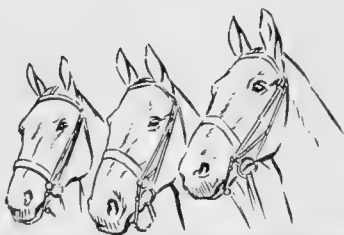
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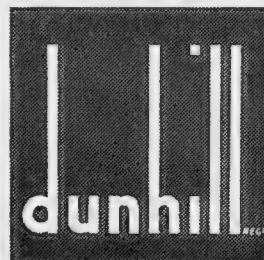
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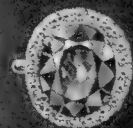
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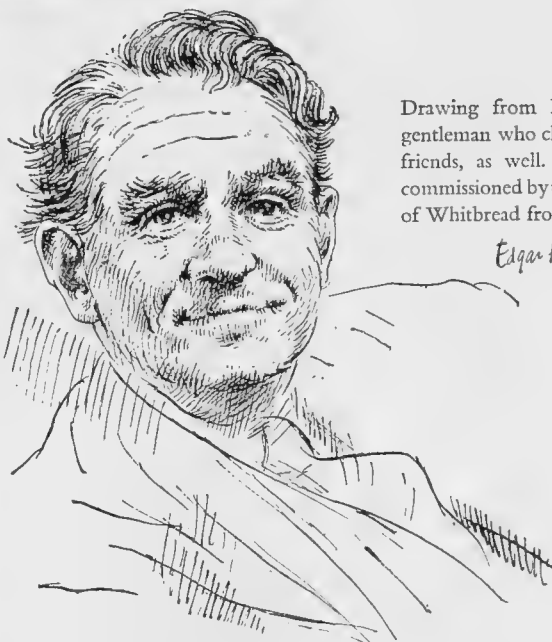


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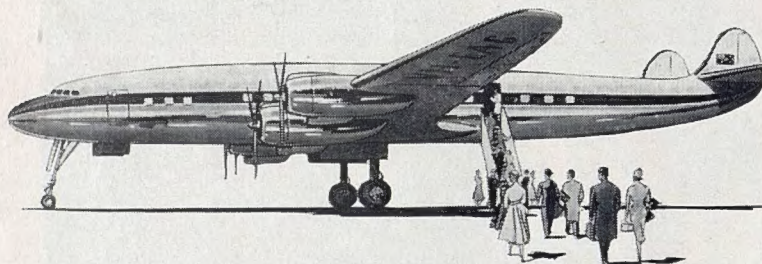
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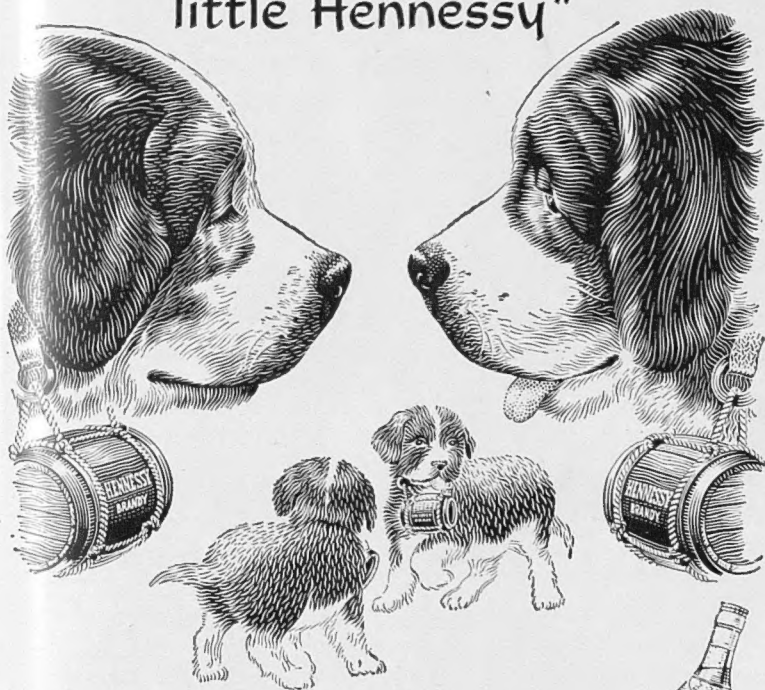


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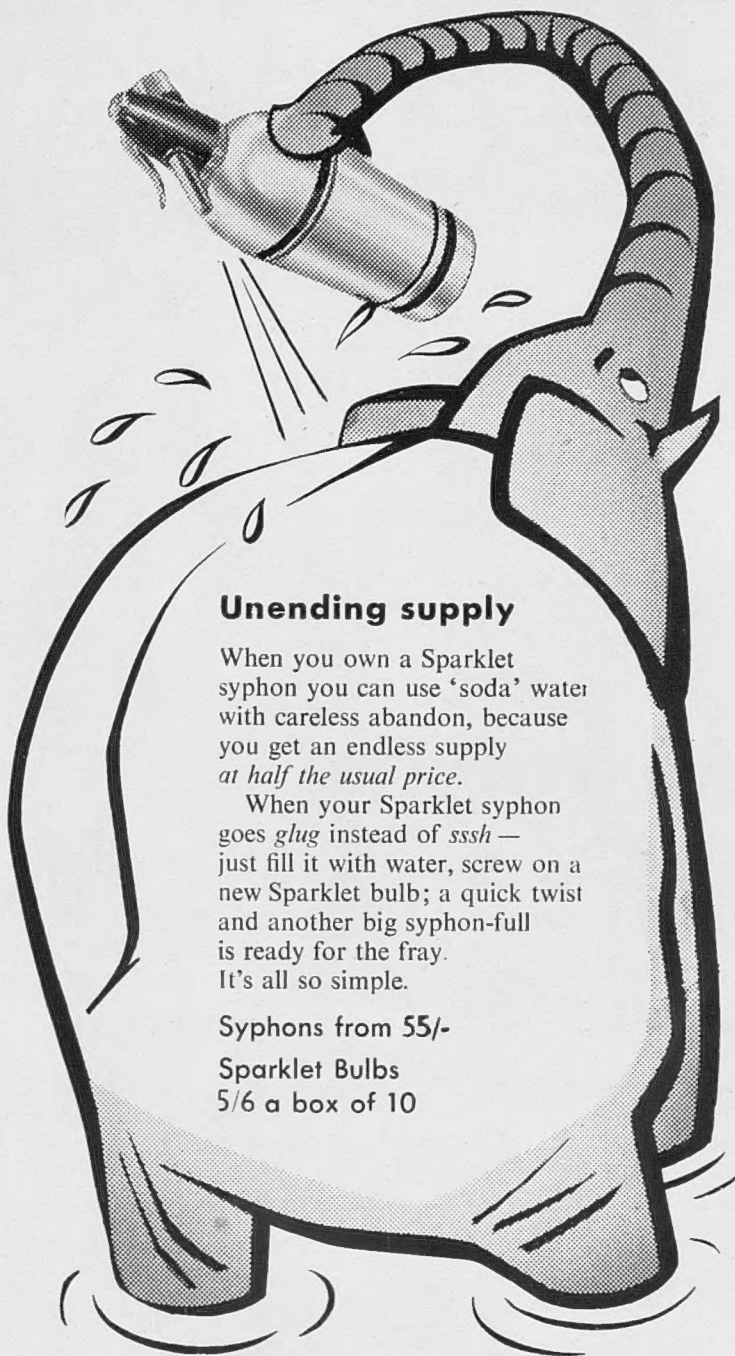
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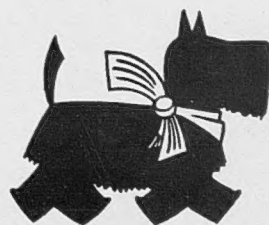
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